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THE SONG OF THE DRUM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY MARY H. FOX.

A VENERABLE DRUM.—They have a drum in the Ohio 5th regiment, now on duty in Missouri, which is carried by a boy named Banks. His grandfather beat it in the old revolutionary time—his father carried it in the Mexican war, and it is now a third time made available during one of our great historical epochs.—*Clipper*.

Beat away, boy! each blow that falls
On my ancient and well worn head,
Carries me back to the stirring times
When I followed where Washington led;
When my voice leapt forth in a village street,
Beneath your grandsire's hand,
And men came flying on willing feet
To fight for their native land!

When the trembling hands of the fair young wife
Hid her face to conceal her pain—
Through her slender fingers the tear-drops fell
On my head, like the summer rain.
I tell you boy, your stoutest blow,
After all these weary years,
Cannot thrill me now, as memory does
Of your grandmother's parting tears.

Every success of that wondrous war
Your old companion shared—
I aided to spread the blessed news
When peace was at last declared.
Your father and I were playmates then,
And he listened with childish glee
To the glorious scenes I promised him,
When he went to the wars with me.

I found with pride, in after years,
My teachings were not forgot,
For my voice was blent in the victories
That marked the career of Scott
On a battle field, in a foreign land,
Many a time and oft
I've seen the flag I love so well,
Waving in triumph aloft.

Now in defence of our government,
The noblest under the sun—
In the hands of the third generation
Peals forth the poor old drum.
So beat away, bang away, boy—
Your blow falls light as a feather,
Under flying stripes, and fluttering stars,
We'll yet march home together.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 11, 1861.

DICK DARLING;

OR,

A SHORT AND A MERRY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER VI.

A Romantic Interview—A Trump—Lyme Avows his Passion—The Tete a-Tete—The Disguised Female Unsexed—Lyme's Autobiography—The $12 000 Scheme—Flight of the Cuban Beauty—A Nine Days' Wonder—Off for New York—The Diamonds Disposed Of.

PUNCTUAL at the moment, Dick, closely veiled, crossed Church street, and at the same time a carriage held up for an instant, and springing out, Lyme helped our hero in. They were whirled up Church and down Main, for the Rocky Hill road, and arrived at the well-known Shipman's. Lyme's name being sent in, brought the old man out of bed, for years before it had been a great resort during a long stay he made in its vicinity; and if there's one thing above another old Sam Shipman is possessed of, it's his true regard for and faithful remembrance of old friends.

Supper was splendidly served, and the way the champagne disappeared spoke loudly for the capabilities of Lyme.

"Upon my soul, this is romantic," said Lyme, as he drew the unresisting Dick to his side. "Here am I—no chicken in years—an ugly looking fellow, as the world says—just blest with the society of a little beauty like yourself. But you promised to tell me how and where you got my name. Do so, that's a darling; I'm dying with curiosity."

"Are you?" said Dick, and picked to pieces the lace that edged his handkerchief. "To begin, I believe I was born of rich but honest parents—I've always heard so. I lived in Boston a short time, and in that time I heard of Lyme Driscoll; so when I saw you, I was seized with a desire to know you, and so this has come of it."

Lyme gazed long and curiously at the figure at his side. The rich, dark silk, buttoned close at the throat, was padded and rounded to a tempting fulness. The old tricks were never lost sight of for a very extended period, and so, reasoning that time was apt to pass, and that conversation was not the only amusement in the world, he applied himself to demonstrating his right to the reputation of being the best lover in the world. He had not been thus occupied many minutes, when a ringing, derisive laugh rewarded him.

"Oh, Lyme, Lyme," laughed the lady at his side, "for the honor of Cupid, waste no more such delicate tokens of your regard on one who cannot appreciate them when coming from such a source."

"Then you are indifferent to me, after all the encouragement I have received from you?" questioned the surprised and annoyed gentleman.

"Far from it—I love you very dearly, and intend, if you so will it, to link my fortunes eternally with yours."

"And still repulse me? Why, are you such a child as to suppose you can follow the fortunes of a man like myself, and still preserve such a barrier between us? No, indeed; my motto has ever been 'All or nothing'—so, lady bright, interested as I am in you, if you persist in such folly, I must give you the go by, and remember you only as a right smart little girl, who might have been something more, but wouldn't."

"Lyme," returned the deluding voice, "I have made up my mind to return no more to school, but go with you, providing you will take me."

"In what character, or on what footing," asked the delighted man.

"As your inseparable companion, by night and day—as your confidant and comrade—as everything you wish to make me."

"You're a jewel," broke from Lyme's lips, as he again and again kissed her; "you're a trump, and I'll strive to deserve so rare an article as a woman who understands herself, and has pluck enough to confess it."

No struggle at the close embrace in which he held her—no resistance in the manner in which the gentle Leilia nestled in his bosom; and the never backward Lyme, too much pleased with the evident conquest he had so easily made, renewed his protestations of eternal love, and accompanied them with such demonstrations of existing regard, as would have been convincing to the most skeptical.

The light on the table threw a faint reflection on the faces of the two sitting so closely on the sofa. There was a quietness pervading the room, that was broken suddenly by the voice of Lyme, who, springing to his feet, with an oath that rang through the apartment, demanded "what in h— this all meant?"

"Just this," said the *soi disant* Leilia, "the lady to whom you vow eternal love is Dick—Ellington Dick—Boston Dick—your Dick—who, to get a living, is driven by your cruelty to unsex herself."

"My God!" broke from the astonished man several times during the recital that ensued, at the end of which, he clasped the young fellow's hand, and swearing he was worthy of his family and guardian, unfolded something of himself.

"You see, Dick, my boy," he began, "things are going rather rough with me; luck's been against me some time; and unless I raise a big stake from some source, I'm under for good, and where to strike to make the raise, puzzles me to say"

But the precocious Dick never saw a spot so dark that he couldn't sight an opening, and in this case his mind reverted to the worthy Seraphina and the Tailor mansion.

"Do you think," he suggested as a sort of feeler, "that, if in some way I got possession of a quantity of diamonds, you could get them safely turned into the cash you need?"

"Think! I know I've salted too much truck of that description to doubt that. But like the old woman's cook book, 'first catch the hare.'"

"And that is easily caught, for under my hands at any time there lies $10,000 or $12,000 worth, in part belonging to a bosom friend of mine—the girl you met with me the other day, and part of it to the gentle Seraphina, through whose pure and holy auspices I enjoy the privilege of wearing hoops this blessed night."

It need not be said that Lyme, in his straightened circumstances, grasped at the plan, and settling their bill, left the place. On the road into Hartford, they perfected their plans.

Great was the consternation pervading the Tailor mansion, when, a few nights after, the lovely Cuban was missed, leaving all her wardrobe; and when the fact transpired that Miss Seraphina's examination diamonds and the entire contents of Belle Prescott's jewel case were missing also, divided opinions agitated the school; some thought she was a party to the robbery, others that the thieves had stolen her as well as the diamonds. Only Miss Seraphina knew the truth, and only she was anxious that no discovery should ensue. As Miss Prescott was the only sufferer but herself, she readily agreed to replace the missing articles, lest such an affair might injure her immaculate institution. After being a nine days wonder, excitement subsided and tranquility was restored.

Meantime, Lyme and the adventurous Dick, in *propria persona*, sped on their way to New York, where, taking the diamonds from their settings, he disposed of them readily, realizing $6000—about half their value, but a sufficient sum to meet present demands.

CHAPTER VII.

A Scene in Fifth Avenue—A Queer Encounter—A Plan to Raise the Wind—The Jewels—The Sleeping Beauty—Dick Plays the Lover—Isadore's Fate—The Cup of Love—A Tortured Individual—The Love of Woman.

THERE had been for several hours, two persons leaning against the railing of a Fifth Avenue mansion, engaged in earnest conversation. The watchman, as he passed, bent on them a scrutinizing gaze, but so absorbed did they appear in each other, that he concluded two old friends must have met after an absence of years.

"Here he comes," exclaimed the younger, as a third party turned the corner, his erratic gait showing conclusively the state his wits were in.

"Drop behind, Dick," said the older, as he started at a quick step towards No. 3.

"Hello, old fellow, is that you? What on earth are you doing at this time in this vicinity?"

"It's rather queer, aint it? Why, bless my soul, it's Driscoll. How are you, Driscoll? I wondered several times what had become of you to night. What are you doing up here?"

"I just asked you the same question," replied the well posted Driscoll, but whose object it was to play ignorance on the half fuddled youth at his side.

Several days before, Lyme had been introduced to this young gentleman by a mutual friend. He had seen him at the opera the night previous, with a lady, on whose person there blazed a fortune in diamonds. Their funds beginning to run low, Dick and Driscoll held a council together; and as desperate causes required desperate means, they conceived the idea of gaining possession of the gems that decked Miss Lattimer, the sister of the intoxicated Augustus, who now stood, at 1 o'clock at night, by his father's door with Driscoll.

"Why, I live here," said Augustus, to the question of his friend.

"And I," returned Lyme, "have been at the club house—thought I'd walk down and smoke. It's a lovely night—too fine to sleep. It's my belief that nights were intended for days, but some one started the ball wrong, and set the fashion of sleeping nights."

"That's so," said Augustus, "and the old folks have such an unaccountable prejudice about it—go to bed, and get up with the chickens. The governor kicked up an unheard of row at my late hours, but luckily he's gone up another flight to sleep, and I don't wake him."

"Indeed? But your sister; perhaps her watchful ears convey to him the intelligence that fails to reach his own?"

"No, she sleeps in the front of the house, and I at the back; so I go through the dining room, and up the back way; excepting when I tumble over a stove or a table, she never knows when I get in. I say, Driscoll, what's the use of your going to your hotel? Come in, and sleep with me; come."

"Really, now, Lattimer, I've almost a mind to," said Lyme, as he ascended the broad stone steps with his friend. But as that individual put the key in the night lock, he laid his hand on the key, and arresting the action, said, "Gus, we'd better go over to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and get a drink."

"Plenty in the house," remonstrated his friend.

"Yes, but the walk will do us good," and so saying, he drew his friend's arm through his, and still keeping his hold on the key, steadied his uncertain steps, and faced him in the direction suggested. Dick crouched at the large stone scroll at the base of the steps, as Driscoll and Lattimer passed on; a plunge off two stones for one startled the latter, and the key unconsciously passed into the hand of Lyme, that lay upon it. With a laugh at the accident, as he termed it, he softly laid the key on the top of the scroll above Dick's head, and muttering, "First, front," passed quickly down the street.

"What's 'first front?'" asked Augustus.

"A military term—right front—first front. Did you never hear them?" and they disappeared in the darkness.

Meanwhile, Dick, picking up the key, mounted the steps, opened the door, and entered the broad, high hall. The dim gas light, burning for the recreant Augustus, showed at the extremity a flight of stairs leading to the second story. As Lyme had given him the words 'first front,' he supposed them to refer to the first floor, over the parlors, and to that he now mounted. Turning at the head, he cautiously opened a door at the right that stood slightly ajar, and entered.

The gas in this room was turned nearly out, making the place so dark that no object was visible, so Dick crept noiselessly across it, and turned up the faint light till he could distinguish a pile of silken flounces flung carelessly over a chair; a delicate slipper on the bracket beneath the gas; and a half-opened wardrobe, through which the boxes and garments showed plainly that he was in a female's dressing-room. Another survey discovered the toilet, and upon its top rested a heavy bronze and gilt case—the key heedlessly left within the lock; it was but a moment's work, and before the gratified gaze of our hero lay the jewels that had drawn him into this dangerous enterprize.

Gathering the gleaming bracelets and necklace up in his hands, he plunged them deep into his pockets, and with a sigh of relief at the success of his mission, he turned to leave the room. As he did so, he saw, in a recess half hidden by lace curtains, the sleeping form of the beautiful occupant.

Isadore Lattimer was a lovely girl of eighteen, and as she lay with one white hand and arm thrown over her head, he thought in his heart he had never seen anything so entrancing. At that instant he heard a well-known whistle on the street below, and darting to the window, he saw Lyme, who nervous at the issue, had stolen away from the now stupified Augustus, and rushed to the spot where he had left his companion. It was the work of an instant for Dick to wrap the jewels in his handkerchief and throw them to Lyme; then motioning him to leave, he went back to the bedside of the sleeping girl. As he looked upon her, she moved her arm, and murmured some indistinct words. Dick bent his head till his dark curls mingled with the bright locks of the sleeping lady, and then, unable to repress the inclination, he suddenly pressed his lips ardently to hers—the veiled eyes flashed, opened, and gazed with affright at the strange apparition at her bedside. With a slight cry she made an effort to spring up, but the muscular arm of the stranger drew her firmly back.

Dick disengaged his feet from the mass of curtains that lay heaped upon the floor, and sitting down on the bed, he drew them once more together, and thus addressed the trembling girl:—

"Now, my darling, you have nothing on earth to be alarmed at; true, it's two o'clock in the morning; true, you and I are here alone; true, I am a stranger whom you have never seen before; but there is nothing in all that to alarm you, as I am sure it does not me. It will be three hours certainly before a servant is stirring—let me tell you in those three hours how dearly I love you, how I have risked everything to see you, and how my nights have been filled with dreams of you, and my days with unsuccessful attempts to meet you, to know you; how you have come to be the one star in the night of life. I'm a lone and loveless man—the face of woman never woke a thrill in my bosom, till, in a fatal hour I met your angel eyes bent on me as from heaven, and in their memory I have lived. Can you now forgive me my rashness, or will you, if I release you, give an alarm that will place me in the situation of a convicted burglar?"

Isadore, now thoroughly awake, saw before her the handsome face and pleading eyes alone of the captivating Dick—the charm of her position was not lost upon her. Brought up in the chilling atmosphere of fashionable life, she for the first time listened to the impassioned words of love. The circumstances, too, were far from unattractive—the sudden and fearfully romantic appearance of this midnight lover—and above all the beautiful face and Apollo like form of the intruder, were wonderful arguments in his favor. She pondered; and, as "the woman who deliberates is lost," so with the gentle Isadore—she had met what many another woman had found in Dick Darling—her fate—and accepting it as such, she spoke:

"You need not fear me; I will call no one, but you must go. It is not right, it is not proper, and if you love me you will go."

"Yes," murmured Dick, and the dark eyes seemed to draw her very soul towards him—"I am to go, to leave this spot I have risked so much to reach—leave the glance of your beautiful eyes—leave the melody of your voice—the bewildering, maddening thrill, the very touch of your arms can give—I am not to lie securely here, within the circle of those arms—I am not to lose my very soul upon those glowing lips," and the daring Dick suited the action to the word. "I am not," he continued, "to pour out my burning love for you, when none but you may hear it, and then pass forth as dumb and silent to the world as if we both had never lived. But I am to *go, now*, with the cup of love untasted. I am to go forever."

Isadore lost sight of all but the eyes, and when she answered his eloquence with a burst of tears, he drew her head upon his bosom, and upturning her face, he pressed kiss after kiss upon her not unwilling lips.

An hour later, our hero emerged from the Lattimer mansion, and walked rapidly to the St. Denis, when travelling up and down the room they occupied, he found Lyme who, rushing forward, begged of him never to torture him thus again.

"It was for the love of woman I did it this time," retorted Dick; and he proceeded to recite the adventure of the night to the admiring Driscoll, who, at its close, congratulated him upon the possession of a cool $10,000, and a magnificent adventure. The two then sought their pillows, when, as they were both young and innocent, it is but natural to believe that they slept like a couple of infants.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Late Dinner—The Concert Saloon—The Yankee Inventor—Barnum's Machine with a Brogue—The Faro Bank—Fighting the Tiger—The Inventor Circumvented.

LYME and Dick were out on a lark. A late dinner and an over dose of drops, gave them a fine starter for the night. At 11 they found themselves in front of an illuminated building decorated with countless posters and flags setting forth the multitude of attractions to be obtained by the judicious investment of a shilling or two. With that careless spirit that actuates half the patrons of those places, our gentlemen found themselves ensconced within its walls, listening to a woe-begone face that emitted in a feeble manner, a confidential appeal to some party having in charge the body of a dead young man, to be allowed the privilege of kissing the said defunct in affectionate remembrance of his maternal relative; when finally, after an agony of remonstrance with those invisible parties, she subsided and joined them.

Then came upon our friend Dick, the recollection of the face and form of the gentleman in the seat next him. At length he settled in his mind that he was a neighbor of Dr. Everett's, in Ellington. A proffer of a programme was followed by a few words of introductory conversation, and our hero led the remarks to himself.

"Well, I ain't a New Yorker, you see," he said, in answer to the confession Dick made of being a student from New Haven, "and I'm from Connecticut; brought down a patent washing machine I invented, and sold rights all the way along—undertook to sell Barnum the agency for Bridgeport, but found he already owned the rights of four washing machines, and some patent back action clothes pins. My machine is a first-rate article, but his raythers beat me. I could wash as many clothes as his'en, but his 'wrung 'em out, and hung 'em up,' so he said; but I guess there was some catch about that, for he added it was of 'Irish manufacture, and had a brogue.' I'd like to got a squint at it; I'd got an improvement onto mine in less than no time; I'd had a machine with a brogue as well as Barnum."

"Oh! Barnum's a man trap," said Lyme, "and the biggest show he's got about his Museum is himself."

"That air is a place I got to go to while I'm in York," rejoined Mr. Doolittle, the Ellington inventor. "My folks gin me pertickler charge to go and see the What Is It? afore I left hum"

On Dick's announcing his intention of going at an early day on the same errand, and Mr. Doolittle suggesting, as they were both strangers, they had best go together, an engagement was made for the following day, and the trio left the Concert Saloon together. On the street, a few blocks down, Lyme proposed a call on a gentleman whom he thought very likely would buy an agency for the washing machine, and ringing at what appeared to be a handsome private house, they were admitted by a colored man. In the front parlor several well-dressed men were lounging and smoking, while gathered round a table in the back parlor, quite a number were engaged in the innocent game of faro. From out of this room, at a nod from Lyme, there emerged a large, brawny, muscular man, whose body was cast in the mould of a Hercules. This gentleman Lyme introduced to Mr. Doolittle as Dr. Morris, a gentleman very celebrated for his treatment of bruises and contusions, and a man of large heart and means, anxious to encourage invention, and make himself of good to the public. With a great deal of respect, Mr. Doolittle gazed at this extreme combination of medicine, muscle, and magnanimity, and said:—

"Such men don't grow every day, and if he was fond of patronizing inventions, he might go some ways afore he found sich a good thing as his washing machine; and, as his friend Mr. Bristol (so Lyme stated his name) had intimated, he might like to take an interest in it, why, he'd like to show him the model of one." Thereupon he produced from his pocket the article in miniature, and proceeded to explain the action. The guests gathered about, and one of them observed:—"It beats your washing machine, Doctor."

"Knocks spots out of it," was the reply, "beats it to pieces."

"Wall, that's the advantage of mine," retorted Doolittle; "it don't injure anything, even the finest handkerchief—never knocked a spot, except dirt spots, out of any caliber, and though it looks *hash* in operation, it wouldn't tear or beat a cobweb to pieces; and it'll clean a dozen shirts and a dozen pair of pants in just half a minute."

"The Dr.'s machine don't take much dirt out of pantaloons, but it beats everything at cleaning pockets," said Lyme. This remark called for a laugh, and got it; while the innocent Doolittle went on to state that his machine "washed pockets and all as good as any." After some more talk, and several side speeches from Lyme that made a good deal of fun, the crowd adjourned to the back parlor, and Lyme informed Mr. Doolittle that the Dr. had given a sort of reception to a class of medical students under his tuition, and that they had coaxed him to show them a new game, very popular in Paris, where the Dr. had lately learned it; but if Mr. Doolittle had any objection to cards, they would drop it. But as Mr. Doolittle had no objection, the obliging Dr. went on to explain the game. "You see, gentlemen, to facilitate matters, the Parisians change their money for pieces of ivory of this description, bearing the relative value of $5, $10, etc., and then placing these chips on the cards they think will fall on the winning score, they commence the game in this manner," and a young man who had seen the game in Paris, began the deal. To make it interesting, several bought the Dr.'s checks, and our friend Doolittle watched the proceedings with interest.

After one or two deals, that inventive genius discovered that the queen was a winning card, and that if the Doctor wasn't doing the thing for fun, he'd like to make something. To this Lyme replied that there was "a place in the city kept by a Frenchman, where this game was being played in earnest, and many were losing their money by it; that if he, Doolittle, had really discovered the card that never lost, and there was such a card in every game, and in this game in particular, why, it would really be a benevolent thing to win their ill-gotten gains."

With this intention they crossed the street, and after a short walk entered an establishment very similar to the one just left, only, as Lyme said, this was a bona-fide gambling place, and the Doctor's was all for fun.

The night's business had not commenced, so Lyme sauntered off, and was in close conversation with an extremely well gotten up man, who after a moment, he brought and introduced to Dick and Doolittle as Monsieur Marathy. Monsieur twirled his pretty moustache and imperial, removed his glossy chapeau from the mass of ringlets that adorned his head, and murmured some words of broken English to the party, concluding with some allusion to "sherrying their nibs, and punishing a pony of associate Verzeney."

This *French* invitation, for invitation it looked to be, since Monsieur Marathy led the way to the sideboard,

being accepted, Doolittle asserted that the liquid was equal to the best cider he ever drank. All hands adjourned to the dealing room, and the game our friend had seen at the Morris mansion, commenced under the personal auspices of the handsome Marathy.—To be continued.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. B., Woburn Centre, Mass.—"A party of five persons were shaking Dice for a small prize—one person took two chances for the prize, and commenced by throwing 15; the next throw was 12: the next three threw 17 each. The question of dispute, is whether the person having two throws must throw against the 17, or whether the three having 17 must throw off the tie, and then the one having the second throw take his chance to beat the highest of the three."..... The party having the two throws must take his second throw before the ties are thrown of.

FAIR PLAY, Lowell.—The owner o' Somerville having stated that the judges might suit themselves about the distance, we take it for granted that they decided on having a distance, or they would not have given in against Somerville; the decision, no doubt, under the circumstances, is correct. The judges of the race were the proper persons to decide the dispute.

B F. and W. W., Louisville.—Tom Sayers did not get the original belt; it was loaned to him for a short time after his fight with Heenan, but it was afterwards handed over to the appointed custodian, and was recently fought for by Mace and Hurst. Sayers made up the amount due on the *fac simile* belt "presented" to him, and it is now in his possession.

JOHN MILLER.—1. His name is John Lester Wallack. 2. He is the eldest son of Mr. Wallack, proprietor of the new theatre on Broadway. 3. "Playing with Fire" was first produced in this city on the 2nd of October, 1860. John Brougham was in England at that time.

HARRY BLAKE, Philadelphia.—1. There is not a great deal of difference between them. Hyer may be a trifle the taller, and Heenan a little the heavier. 2. We cannot undertake to say who is the best jig dancer living.

FIRE ZOUAVE.—Josh Ward had a large portion of his stake already in the hands of a stakeholder, but Chambers never deposited a dollar. The match went off on account of Chambers refusing to row the race in this country.

P. P., Philadelphia.—We have the books referred to—the price is 25 cents each. We can forward them to you on receipt of price in stamps or otherwise.

YOUS.—1. A biography of the lady will shortly be given in our columns, when all particulars will be given. We have no record by us at present. 2. He is still here, doing nothing.

W. J. D., Providence.—Where both parties have equal facilities for getting at the facts upon which the wager is founded, a man betting on a sure thing" can win.

A. F. C., Boston.—A and B were one point only. D could have made nothing but two points for a euchre, had he succeeded in making all the tricks, as he did not take up the trump.

J. McK., Fort Wise, C. T.—Your term of subscription will expire with No. 35, present Vol.

G. W., Jr.—The biography of the family alluded to, has not as yet appeared. It will be given in due season.

W. C. R., Chicago.—Mr. and Mrs. Florence are at present in England; their agent, we presume, is with them.

J. H DAVIS Philad'a.—1. Col. Burke is the officer in charge of Fort Lafayette. 2. Some of the Hatteras prisoners are there.

UNION.—The best pacing time for one mile, was done by Pocahontas, in 2 minutes and 17½ seconds.

JAMES H HEENAN.—We have a letter for you.

HEENAN AND MACE.

NO PROBABILITY OF A MATCH.

MACE'S REPLY TO HEENAN'S LAST CHALLENGE.

CURIOUS COMPLICATION.

Heenan's last challenge has reached England, but it seems to have created very little interest there, *Bell's Life* not even alluding to the proposed match. The *Sporting Life* publishes the challenge, and appends thereto the following comments:—

"The substance of Heenan's challenge to match to fight in Canada has already been made public through Jack Macdonald's letter to us a week or so since. *Mace has entirely declined to leave England with hostile intentions.* At present, Jem is in the zenith of his popularity, and earning at home very large sums one way and another, besides which he considers it quite inconsistent with the character of a Champion of England to fight on any other than native ground. We are quite of opinion that Heenan's terms are liberal and generous enough, and compatible with the high estimate in which we personally hold the Benicia Boy. We cannot, however, see how Heenan can imagine that he 'owns' the belt now, when his fight with Sayers was undecided, and before quitting England he publicly agreed in the terms of a draw. There can be no doubt that Heenan is in good faith, and we see no positive reason why he should not come to fight our 'best man' if he pleases, which must, of course, be whoever holds the belt. Mace will decide in January whether or not he is our most formidable pugilist, of which there can be little doubt but which Heenan, in his letter, openly questions, on what grounds we do not know. Neither do we go the length with the Benicia Boy in the declaration that in his former fight he did not have 'fair play.' It is quite true that Sayers was removed from his 'hug,' but that 'hug' was the last allowed barbarism of the P. R. which no manly minded spectators would stand passively by and witness, carried out on such a brave fellow as Sayers. Our own opinion is, provided that Mace's friends can agree to Heenan's terms for a mill in England, that no serious obstacle need be anticipated from the English authorities. On the score that 'state warrants were issued to prevent the resumption of the fight at Farnborough,' and that similar proceedings may be instituted should Heenan endeavor to 'fight or train in the British Isles,' we think no apprehension need exist, for the State interference in the former fight was threatened, and never carried out, and then the threat was only resorted to in some measure to abate the unparalleled excitement throughout the country, which it was found absolutely necessary to mitigate. Mace, we know, is burning to have a fling at Heenan, and we shall await anxiously to hear from Jem's friends what course they intend to pursue with respect to the Benician's offer to fight in England. Heenan seems to think that he was quite an exception in being 'hunted and harrassed' in his training, when he ought to know that many British boxers we could name have undergone imprisonment, and other severe punishments, and been far more 'hunted' and interrupted, than he was in the interval of his training. Having made a few matters a little straight, we take these to be Heenan's terms for fighting in England:—The match to be for £2 000 a side, and the English champion to allow £500 for expenses, and a bond of £1 500 more, guaranteeing against any 'private interference' from the British belligerent. These terms are extremely heavy, and Heenan can hardly expect the lesser man—although Mace's maxim is, that 'size is nothing'—to lay odds on himself, which he would be doing were he to come to this arrangement. We know not what Jem's friends may deem it prudent to do, but if they can come to any kind of equitable agreement we see no insurmountable barrier to a fresh international encounter between England and America on British ground. Mr. Richardson, or some accredited representative of Mace's interest, will oblige us by stating their views at once."

It is evident enough to us that the London sporting community are anxious to get Heenan to fight in England again. That they do not mean their representative to fight on this side of the Atlantic, is also quite clear. Since the above comments of the *Sporting Life* appeared, Mace himself has come out with the following reply to Heenan's challenge:—

JEM MACK TO J. C. HEENAN.

Jem Mace, (the Champion,) as the present holder of the Belt, in answer to Heenan's challenge, wishes the world to know that when he has lost the Champion's Belt, (of which he is the happy possessor,) it is then time enough to style him any other than the best man. Should he lose the forthcoming fight for the Championship, he will then make a match with Heenan for £500 a side; but, should he prove victorious, Heenan of course can be on, on the same terms that Jem Mace has so frequently challenged at. Mace wants to know why by-gones cannot be left alone? In the late fight for the Championship, at Farnborough, no one walked over, and there are two sides to a question, and Mace is anxious to make four, if Heenan will again try for the trophy, which Mace at present holds, and feels competent to hold: and the man who can achieve the same, will, at any rate, earn it.

Mace is sarcastic, or else he seems to entertain a very poor estimate of Heenan's abilities. In the first place, he does not accept Heenan's challenge. In the next place, he offers to fight Heenan for $2500 should he (Mace) *lose* the fight with Tom King. Or, shou'd he win, will accommodate Heenan on the usual terms upon which matches are made for the championship. Our opinion is, that there will be no battle between Mace and Heenan. Heenan's friends see that it is a settled point among our friends in London to have the proposed match take place there. Such a contest will not take place here under any circumstances. Mace's offer to fight Heenan for $2500 if he *loses* with King, savours a good deal of bounce. And yet it may be meant, for Mace is connected with a class of men who are pretty well up to all the tricks and traps of London life—men who will resort to any means to accomplish their ends—and who will not suffer their man to lose such a heavy stake, while it is in their power to prevent it. Some of these partisans of Mace are notorious characters, and not unknown to the "criminal calendar." Their known desperate character—their "money-getting" propensities—their violation of all rules of right—make them a formidable body to face; and on these men, perhaps, Mace would depend to pull him through in a match for a heavy stake with the Benicia Boy. Why, if it were not so, would he, in the event of *losing* the coming championship match, offer to fight such a man as Heenan for such a large stake? It is plain to us that if Heenan fights Mace in England, the battle will not be decided on the respective merits of the men. Let it drop, therefore, where it is.

AARON JONES.—IS HE AMONG THE REBEL DEAD?—Some time since we stated that Aaron Jones, the pugilist, had joined the rebel army, and held an official position in an Alabama regiment. Since then we have heard nothing further concerning him until a few days since, when the following paragraph, in some Southern news, received by way of Louisville, claimed our attention:—

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 12, 1861.

A special dispatch to the *Journal*, says that Col. Jones, of the 4th Alabama regiment, died at Orange Court House, on the 26th of August, from wounds received in the battle of Bull Run.

It is possible that the officer referred to may have been Aaron Jones. John C. Heenan informed us that he (Jones) held a position in an Alabama regiment, and we know that he was in the Southern country when the war broke out. Mr. W. King, the celebrated pistol shot, had made arrangements, several months ago, for Jones to take charge of a hotel in Illinois, but Aaron never appeared at the place appointed, and this seems to confirm what has been reported concerning his movements South. The following letter from Mr. King may not be without interest at this time:—

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 13th, 1861.

FRANK QUEEN:—Sir: Having seen several inquiries through your paper for Aaron Jones, and hearing he had joined an Alabama regiment, I noticed a Col. Jones being wounded at the battle of Bull Run, and now see in this morning's *Journal* an account of his death. Can you give me any information of the Colonel Jones, be he Aaron or not? Had Aaron kept the engagement I made for him, which was a full partnership with the proprietor of the Clear Lake Hotel, six miles from this place, he would have stood now in a first-rate position. The arrangement was for partnership for two years, from April, 1861, the proprietor finding everything, Jones merely finding himself and to push the business. The last I heard of Aaron was in March, when he wrote me from New Orleans, stating that he would soon be here. This beautiful spot, Clear Lake, with its one hotel only, is now Camp Butler, containing from two to four thousand troops, cavalry and infantry, and the bar of the place doing—with very bad management—from *eight hundred to one thousand dollars per week!* separately from three or four other shanties, built up about the wood on the margin of the lake, for the sale of fruit, pies, ginger beer, &c., &c.—all to the hotel's profit.

Aaron Jones, if you are alive, and this should meet your eye, come here yet!

But I fear, friend Frank, the day is too late. I think he is gone "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

The prairies this year abound in plenty of grouse. Game in general, like fruit this season, seems very abundant—some doings amongst which, I will in a future stave give you.

Yours truly, WM KING.

THE TURF.

A DAY ON THE FASHION COURSE.

"COMMENCEMENT" OF THE FALL RACES. SLIM ATTENDANCE.

Monday, Sept. 16th, was the day appointed for the commencement of the Fall Races on the Fashion Course, Long Island. It was the first running race of the season, and was looked forward to with some interest. The admirers of Glencoe, Logan, Sylphide, Irish Birdcatcher and Bairownie blood being informed by the programme that some of their young descendants would make their first bow, were anxious to witness their performances, and see if they had inherited the fleetness and beauty of their illustrious sires. Trotting loses its enchantment with some horse fanciers when it comes to a genuine running dash of a mile between a number of blooded racers. There was, however, considerable disappointment felt in regard to the attendance, as there was not more than from four to five hundred persons present. This small assemblage at the first race of the season was partly accounted for by the fact that the Empire Regatta Club held their annual festival on the same day, thus engrossing the attention of the aquatic portion of the sporting fraternity, and affording the city folks an opportunity of witnessing the magnificent scull exercise of our boatmen. But there were present at the races a number of good old turf patrons and horse fanciers who seldom attend trotting contests on account of bad faith in their squareness and honesty, and who seemed to be highly satisfied with the arrangement of Monday, the 16th. It was announced that the members' stand would be reserved for ladies, but nary a lady put in an appearance, thus bringing the manager to bitter disappointment and grief. The lady attendance, we suppose, was expected to be numerous enough to occupy the stand, but the gazelles were all out at Conrad's.

The day was one of the most beautiful we ever saw, and everybody seemed to have a sudden glow of health imparted to his cheek. As the sun gradually went down, the sweet balmy air of 'Old Long Island's sea-girt shore," was almost sufficient to restore an invalid to robust health. Every thing was done in a quiet, business-like manner. When a man had selected his favorite, he quietly pulled his strings, and put up his soap. In this way a goodly number of eel skins exchanged grips. There was less of that loud-mouthing and bogus betting done than there has been upon other occasions on the race course, and the demure character of many of those present accounted for that fact. The Fashion track was in good order, smooth and even. The races which eventuated on it on the day referred to, were spirited and well contested. They are all splendid looking little animals, especially Mr. Hunter's span, who were the fortunate victors in both contests. According to matters set forth in the programme, the first match was for two year olds, carrying 87 lbs., for $3 500, mile heats, best 2 in 3. J. B Monnot entered bay filly by Logan; John Hunter entered chestnut colt by Revenue. Same day, sweepstakes for two years old, carrying 90 lbs., fillies and geldings allowed 3lbs, for $200 entrance, half forfeit, the proprietor adding $200, dash of a mile. Four subscribers. J B Monnot named chestnut filly by Logan, also chestnut colt by Logan; John Hunter entered brown colt by imported Bairownie. Each of these seem to have sprung from an illustrious ancestry, and bespeak noble blood, the filly entered in the first race descending from Logan and Sylphide—sire and dam—through Young Gipsey and imported Mercer; while Hunter's colt in the same race, claims his origin in Revenue, by Fanny Fern, and imported Glencoe. In the second race, a dash of a mile, Monnot's animals are by Logan, dam Mary Biddle, by imported Glencoe, and Hunter's brown colt by Bairownie, dam imported Comfort, by Irish Birdcatcher. Having ascertained the genealogy of those promising candidates for fame, the judges have taken up their position and the manager of the association sings out "clear the track." At half past three the contestants made their appearance, led by their respective owners, and in a few minutes afterwards were mounted by their picturesque and tiny little riders. Those boys of fourteen and fifteen years old, and weighing only 87 lbs, displayed a remarkable degree of coolness during the race, and are excellent jockies. Each seemed to put his animal to the last inch of its speed, and finely contested the honors of victory with each other. As the horses caper and prance about, they appear to be in fine condition. The Logan filly gives fine promise, owing to her length of stride, and the wiry appearance of her body. The Revenue colt, however, is the favorite by odds, and looks as if he would actually take wing and fly over the track. This is a fine looking colt, and jumps and hops around like a dancing master. His step is more elastic and lighter than that of his opponent, and bids fair to claim the victory. The pole being tossed for, the colt won it. Coming up evenly, they got a good send off, and started for the

First Heat.—From the jump the colt went with force, the little rider giving him bridle, and sending him off like a flash. The filly is with him, though, and laps him until within a few yards of the quarter pole, when the colt jumped ahead of her, and passed the quarter in 26 seconds. Now the filly went after him in fine speed, and closed a gap which the colt had opened in leaving the quarter mile. Now they are going it, their little jockies sinking their heights in the saddles, and urging their horses on. They maintain the same relative position to the half mile pole, which they reach in 50 seconds, the colt a couple of lengths ahead. On they dash, going in fine style, the colt gradually pulling away from the Logan girl, until they swing into the home stretch. Both display splendid power and speed for two year olds, and are coming up like fury; the filly rallies him, but the colt's rider leans over his neck, and applies the whip and spurs. On he rushes, opening the gap still wider, and going for all the world like Flora Temple coming home. Great excitement in the crowd, and 75 to 20 offered on the Revenue colt. The filly goes after him in fine style, but the little fellow is determined she shall not come beside him, and rushes to the score, which he crosses a winner in 1 min 57½ seconds. So great was their force in crossing the score that they carried the juveniles almost to the quarter pole before they could bring them back. After the usual cooling off interval was allowed, and some betting made, they were rung up for the

Second Heat.—Twice did they spring off, but the judges each time bawled out, "come back." A third time, and they give them the "go." Everything is in favor of the colt, and his determined rider inspires all his backers with confidence in his success. He leads the filly to the quarter pole in about the same relative position as in the first heat in 16½ seconds. From this to the half pole seems to be the rallying point of the chestnut filly, and she goes after Revenue, and laps him half way between the poles. Coming near the half, the horse again gathers himself, and jumps ahead of his competitor, passing that point a length or so ahead in 58 seconds. On they fly, both going evenly, until they draw into the home stretch. The filly has closed a small gap, and is coming close up to the horse's neck. Her friends become emboldened, and take some lively bets. But the fortunes of the day are against her, for the colt rushes away, and leaves his plucky contestant in the rear some yards. She tries her best to close the gap, but the colt's jockey is out to his head, his cap flying from his neck, and his hair streaming in the wind, and whips him across the score, ten or fifteen yards ahead, a winner of the heat and race in 2 min. ¾ seconds. Shortly afterwards the victorious colt was led up in front of the judges' stand, and his owner came forward, and announced that Revenue was for sale, in order to close a partnership, and would be knocked down to the highest bidder. Then an auction sale took place, and after the usual amount of "going, going," "any more," etc., he was knocked down to Charles Revere at $250. There was an intermission of half an hour between the first and second races, during which time the sports on the judges' stand regaled themselves with various luxuries, including champagne, chowder, and other things that are "not bad to take," while the outsiders retired to the bar-counter to "smile," and reckon the chances in the forthcoming dash.

Time being called for the second race, the contestants were led on the track. We have already given their history, and stated "who and whar they come from." The Monnot filley and colt looked beautiful. Lithe and lively as a pair of deers, their beautiful skins reflecting the shadow of the passer-by, they were admired by every one on the course; but the beauty of the course was the offspring of imported Bairownie. He is a splendid brown colt, with a white spot in the centre of his forehead, and not another speck on his body to disturb the uniform color of his hair. He looked as light and swift as a greyhound, and he became a favorite at once. He has a high blooded bearing, and his nostrils indicate that inward pride and importance which he promises to sustain in the future. Those skilled in the flesh, offered large odds on him at once, which were quickly taken by a few. This contest being only a dash of a mile, there is but little to be written in regard to it. They were called up for the start; Bairownie has the pole. Coming up evenly, they get a good even send off, and away they go for

THE RACE.—The Irish Birdcatcher's blood is at once at the sticking point, and he darts like a rocket from the score, leaving his competitors lapped together. On he flies, leading them three or four lengths to the quarter pole in 25 seconds. The others are neck and neck together, and the contest seems to be between them. Bairownie bids them good day, and runs away from them, opening an immense gap, and going to the half pole in 51 seconds. The filly and colt are going within a length of each other, the filly having the advantage. They keep at an even gait until they swing into the home stretch, Bairownie evidently sparing himself for the grand struggle. There are expressions of admiration from every one in the crowd, such as, "What a magnificent show for young things!" 'Bairownie will beat anything in the world when he's seven years old!" "The Logan-Glencoe blood is good, too!" and similar expressions of delight. But now Bairownie is pitching the dust over his young and artful rider's head, and comes up the home stretch like a gust of wind. The filly leaves the colt, and goes after Bairownie with a good will, but Bai. don't see it, and he keeps his distance from her, flying across the score a winner of the heat and race by 15 yards at least, in 1 minute 52 seconds. The filly beat her male relative three or four lengths. "Three cheers for the Irish-American," and any amount of money on him next time. The following is a summary of the races:—

FASHION PLEASURE GROUND ASSOCIATION.—Fall races; Monday, Sept. 16th. Two running matches. First match for $3,500; mile heats; best two in three.

John Hunter named br c by Revenue.....1 1
J. B Monnot named b f by Logan.....2 2
Time—1:57½; 2:00¼.

Second Race—mile dash—match for $600.

J Hunter named b c by Bairownie and Irish Birdcatcher..1
J B Monnot named filly by Logan.....2
J B Monnot named colt by Logan.....3
Time—1.52.

CRICKET.

ELEVEN ENGLISH VS. TWENTY-TWO AMERICANS.—The match arranged for the benefit of those worthy cricketers, Sam and Harry Wright, was commenced on the St. George Ground, Hoboken, on Sept. 20th, and terminated on the 21st. The weather was favorable, the ground excellent, and quite an assemblage of the friends of the beneficiaries, who are highly esteemed in the cricketing community, were on the ground. We trust the result has been pecuniarily advantageous to them. The game began at 11:25 A. M., the eleven going to the bat, they having won the toss. Bainbridge and Lang took their stand at the wickets, facing the bowling of Dan Wright and Creighton. The eleven had twenty-two good fielders opposed to them, well placed by Harry Wright, their general. It was therefore no trifling matter to score runs, especially when, in addition, they had to contend against good bowling. Bainbridge took the first over, the first ball being a wide, but the next glanced from Bainbridge's bat right into Harry's hands at the wicket; he gave place to Ford, who also was sent back to the club house in a similar manner, the 2d wicket falling for 4. Gibbes followed Ford, and for half an hour these two batsmen defended their stumps well, and ran up the score to 23, where it stood when Gibbes retired in favor of Waller, from giving a chance to Creighton. Lang followed suit shortly after, from a catch by Whiting, Gibbes' 6 and Lang's 10 being nearly all singles, each getting a hit to leg for 2. Waller's 5 was similar, a two and singles. These were the principal scores obtained. The last wicket fell for 39 only, 11 being extras. The fielding was very good, Waller was run out by a pretty throw in of George Wright's, and Walker by an accurate throw by Morris to the wicket. Vanderlip long stopped very creditably indeed, allowing but one or two balls to pass him until he had injured his hand. Morris allowed but one ball to pass him while he did duty in the position. The bowling of Dan Wright was very fatal to the wickets, the balls being of good length and having considerable work to them. Creighton, also, required each batsman to show a strong defence to save their stumps. The chances missed were one off Lang by D Wright, and one off Waller by Waddell. At 1:10, the twenty-two sent in Bixby and Houghton to the bowling of Napier and Gibbes, and in an hour afterwards 10 of the wickets had gone down for 31 runs only. Creighton and Dakin being the chief contributors out of the first eleven of the twenty-two, the former being prettily stumped by Lang, after rapidly running up his score of five, and the latter being run out from a good throw in of Bainbridge's from leg. Whiting got off a leg hit for 3, and hit a beauty to leg, which Ford held in style. Lang missed running Whiting out at one time, by dropping the ball. Dakin's score was marked with three drives for two each, two of which Napier let pass him. Harry Wright was well caught at wicket by Lang, for a score of 3 only. After dinner, the remainder of the twenty-two were rapidly disposed of, the last seven players only adding three runs to the score. Robinson and G. Wright batted in fine style for their score, the play of these two youngsters eliciting loud applause. Little Geo. Wright played Napier and Gibbes as coolly as if he was batting against the juniors. Georgie's eight was very neatly made by good hits to leg, to point, and a drive to long field. D. Wright, after scoring four well, was neatly caught at point by Waller, and Robinson was well taken at leg by Ford. Napier was very damaging to his opponents' stumps in this innings, and proved himself a good bowler. He is a decided acquisition to the club. Fairbanks was the last man, and carried his bat out, the last wicket falling for 58. Burnett's long stopping was excellent, and byes made from him were few. At 4 P. M the eleven went into their 2d innings, and in 20 minutes time, Walker, Bainbridge, and Lang's wickets had been taken. Walker was prettily caught at wicket by Harry, Bainbridge bowled by a "worker" from Dan Wright, and Lang being finely stumped by Harry Wright, who kept wicket admirably throughout the game. Walker and Gibbes now got together, and for half an hour they made the fielders move around actively after the ball, and before both had left, the score had been run up to 30, of which Gibbes contributed a well obtained 12, marked by two fine leg hits for 3 each. Walker also marked his 6 by a similar hit. Napier and Burnett were their successors. The former began play by a splendid drive to the on for 5 and added 3 more to it, when he was neatly stumped by Harry Wright. Geo. Wright, who had taken Andrews' place in bowling, took Burnett's wicket, who scored a good 5, and that was all the wickets Georgie was allowed to get, for Dan monopolized the wicket-taking business in this innings, every wicket but two going down to his credit. Tinson got off a beauty to leg for 4, and then retired, giving place to the redoubtable Bailey, who rapidly ran up a score of 12 by good batting, the bowling being just what he liked. Ford was caught at wicket by H Wright, and Kendall was caught by Dan off his own bowling. Bailey carrying his bat out with honor, the last wicket going down for 56. The Eleven had thus scored a total of 95 in their two innings, and this left the twenty-two to get 38 to win, and at 5:45 they sent in Morris and Baker to make their share of it. Morris, however, played a ball on his wicket the first over from Gibbes, and retired in favor of Andrews, who also gave place to Parker after he had made 5 by two good drives. Baker was run out after playing well for 6, Dan Wright being his successor, and Dan and Parker had run up the score from 12 to 28 when stumps were drawn, 6:10, P. M., being the time appointed for that ceremony. After the parties had adjourned to the club house at the close of the play, a consultation was held by the eleven, and in view of the almost certain issue of the match being a victory for the twenty-two, they concluded to resign the ball. As the game was not played out, it was decided by the result of the 1st innings, which gave the victory to the twenty-two with 19 runs to spare. The score:—

ELEVEN.

First Innings.		Second Innings	
Bainbridge c H Wright b D Wright	0	b D Wright	1
Lang c Whiting b D Wright	10	st H Wright b D Wright	5
Ford c H Wright b D Wright	1	c H Wright b D Wright	0
Gibbes c Creighton b D Wright	6	c Waddell b D Wright	12
Waller run out	5	c H Wright b D Wright	0
Napier b Creighton	2	st H Wright b D Wright	8
Walker run out	3	b D Wright	6
Bailey b D Wright	0	not out	12
Barnett c Waddell b D Wright	0	b G Wright	5
Tinson c Waddell b D Wright	0	b D Wright	4
Kendall not out	0	c and b D Wright	1
Byes 7, leg bye 1, wides 3	11	Byes	2
Total	88	Total	56

AMERICANS—First Innings.

Bixby l b w b Napier	0
Houghton b Gibbes	5
Aspinwall b Napier	2
Creighton c Lang b Napier	5
Whiting c Ford	4
A Brainard run out	0
Dakin run out	9
H Wright c Lang	3
Andrews c Bainbridge	3
Parker b Napier	0
Morris run out	2
Waddell b Napier	4
D Wright c Waller	4
G Wright c Kendall	8
Robinson c Ford	3
Baker b Napier	2
P Robinson b Gibbes	0
Fuller c and b Napier	1
Vanderlip b Napier	0
Uncas b Napier	0
Ward b Napier	0
Fairbanks not out	0
Wides	3
Total	58

In the second innings the Americans got 28, of which Mr. Baker made 6 (not out); Andrews 5 (c and b Napier); D. Wright 7 (not out); and H. Parker 6 (not out). Morris was bowled by Gibbes for 0. Byes 3; wides 1.

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL PLAYERS VS. CRICKETERS.

NINE VS. EIGHTEEN.—The match at Base Ball, arranged for the benefit of Harry Wright, was played on Sept. 21st inst., at Hoboken, and proved a complete success, drawing twice as numerous an attendance as at the cricket match of the day previous. It had been originally arranged to play nine of the best ball players, who took part in the cricket match, against eighteen English cricketers, but at the time appointed for the match there were not a sufficient number of the latter on the ground. Therefore, in order to make the game interesting, nine cricketers were selected, and eight base ball players, with Harry Wright, the catcher of the Knickerbockers, the nine not only having to bat against eighteen in the field, but, in addition, had to allow them six outs on their side, instead of the usual number of three. This, at base ball, was equal to allowing the odds of four to one, instead of two to one which the Americans had received in the game of cricket, and when we consider that the principal positions of the eighteen, after the close of the 1st innings, were occupied by first-class base ball players, the victory obtained by the Nine is a triumph indeed. The game began at 2:55 the eighteen going to the bat. Hudson was the first striker, and tipped out. Burns then made his 1st by a good hit to left field, after being missed on a foul fly by Bixby, and got home by H B. Taylor's magnificent hit to centre field, on which he made a home run. Hunt followed with a good ball to left field, but Flanly took it prettily on the bound. W Pearce next tipped out; Tyson was well taken on the bound by Brainard, and Sweet and Harry Wright tipped out, G. Colgate being left on his 3d, which he had reached by a good hit to left field, the score of the innings being two runs. The nine now took the bat, and it was a novel sight to base ball players to see the numbers in the field, the chances for hitting a ball away being very slim indeed. In this innings the cricketers occupied the principal positions, such as those on the bases and in the in-field, Burns, the pitcher, being the only exception; but afterwards the ball-players of the eighteen occupied them, the cricketers being found incompetent to the task against such players as the nine opposed to them. Pearce was the first striker, and hitting the ball well to centre field, it was well taken on the bound by Hudson, of the Harlem club. Pearsall then made his 1st by a good hit to left field, and got home before the third hand was out, leaving Pennington on his 3d, he making his 1st by a good hit to left field, Whiting and Waddell being put out by Bates at 1st base, from poor hits to right field, the score of the innings being one only. In the 2d innings Brainard went on to pitch, Creighton going to 2d base, and the result of the innings proved that Brainard was as effective in that position as he is elsewhere, for the first six strikers went out in succession, four going out on foul balls, finely taken by Pearce, and the others on the fly and bound. Brainard began the batting in the second innings of the nine, and made his first base easily by his good hit to left field, Bixby followed with a beauty to left field, which would easily have brought home a better runner, he, however, reached his 3d by it. Flanly went out on the bound; Creighton reached his 1st by a lucky hit, and Pearce made a home run from a splendid hit to centre field; Harry Wright then put out Pearsall on a foul fly; Pennington made his 1st from a miss on the bound by Sweet; Whiting reached his 1st by a similar hit to that of Creighton's, and got home on an over pitch of Burns'; Waddell was missed on a foul fly by Vanderlip, who covered the catcher, after which he made his 1st by a miss on the bound by Aspinwall at left field; Brainard then struck for the second time this innings, and made his 2d by a fine hit to left field; Bixby his 3d by another fine hit to left field; Flanly his 1st by a good grounder to the same place, and, by a passed ball, reached his 3d, where he was left, Creighton going out on the bound by Hunt at right short, who first missed it on the fly. The innings gave the Nine 9 runs, their score being 10 to 2 on even 2nd innings. Everybody almost now gave the Nine the victory, and it was looked upon in the light of a soft "thing" for them, even against such large odds; but, in the 3d innings of the Eighteen, they scored 9 runs, the batting of Vincent, Hudson, Burns, Taylor, Hunt, (the three latter being from the 1st nine of the Mutuals) Colgate, of Harlem, Sweet, of Gotham, G. Wright, and Bates, being very good, each making runs. H B. Taylor and Colgate were missed on the fly by Waddell at centre field, who fielded very poorly in the match, and Sweet was missed on the fly by Flanly, but he did well to get near the ball; indeed, Flanly never fielded better than in this match, his play eliciting loud applause. In the 3d innings of the nine, they only scored 2, Pearce making another five hit on which he made his 3d base, and Pearsall getting his run on Pennington's good hit to centre field, which gave him his first, after which he was erroneously judged out at 1st base. Whiting was well put out on the bound by Vanderlip, who had been moved to centre field. The 4th innings of the Eighteen yielded them but one run, Creighton going on to pitch again, two of the seven players who struck, going out on tips, two striking out, and one going out on the fly, well taken by Bixby, Creighton putting out Vanderlip prettily at home base, a miss of Brainard's on the fly having previously given him his 1st base, and a bad throw to 1st, his 3d, Aspinwall being the only one that scored a run. The 4th innings of the Nine gave them no less than 10 runs, each of them scoring runs, Creighton getting 2; Pearce, Pearsall, and Flanley being the three outs, each striking twice. This placed the total score, on each 4th innings, at 22 to 12, and at the close of the 5th innings on both sides, the total score stood 29 to 13, the Nine having the lead. The ultimate result of the game was now almost a fixed fact, and although changes were made in the positions of the eighteen, it had no important effect, for the Nine batted throughout in the most masterly style, Pearce again marking his batting with a home run, the result of one of the finest hits to centre field that we ever saw; indeed, he was home almost before the ball was handled. Flanly and Creighton both obtained home runs from splendid hits to centre and left fields. In the three last innings played, the eighteen only scored 3 runs to the Nine's 16; the fielding of the Nine being admirable, Pennington marking his play by a beautiful fly catch; the final result being a score of 45 for the latter to 16 for the former. The game was called at the close of the 8th innings, on account of darkness, and thus closed this very interesting and novel match, which was the most interesting of the season. For further particulars we refer to the complete score below:—

BATTING.

NINE.

NAMES.	H.L.	RUNS.
Pearce, c	3	6
Pearsall, 1st b	2	6
Pennington, c f	3	4
Whiting, s s	3	4
Waddell, r f	4	3
Brainard, 2d b	2	5
Bixby, 3d b	3	5
Flanly, l f	3	5
Creighton, p	1	7
Total	45	

EIGHTEEN.

NAMES.	H.L.	RUNS.
Hudson, cover 2d b	2	2
Burns, p	1	2
H Taylor, 2d l f	2	2
Hunt, r s	2	1
W Pearce, cover 3d b	3	1
Tyson, cover 1st b	4	0
Colgate, 2d r f	2	1
Sweet, 2d c f	2	2
H Wright, c	4	0
G Wright, s s	3	1
Bates, 1st b	2	2
Ford, 2d b	3	0
Waller, r f	4	0
Aspinwall, l f	3	1
Kendall, cover c	3	0
Houghton, 3d b	3	0
Vanderlip, cover c	3	0
Vincent, c f	2	1
Total	16	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Nine	1	9	2	10	7	6	3	7	.—	45
Eighteen	2	0	9	1	1	0	1	2	.—	16

EIGHTEEN.

FIELDING.				HOW PUT OUT.					
	Fly	*Bound*	*Base*	*Total*	*Fly*	*Bound*	*1st B*	*2d B*	*3d B*	*Fuil*
Hudson	0	5	0	5	0	0	0	0	0	2
Burns	1	1	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
H B Taylor	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1
Hunt	0	3	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	0
W Pearce	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
Tyson	1	0	0	1	1	2	0	1	0	0
Colgate	2	0	1	3	2	0	0	0	0	0
Sweet	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2
H Wright	1	1	0	2	0	0	1	0	1	2
G Wright	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0
Bates	0	0	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	1
Ford	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	1
Waller	1	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	1
Aspinwall	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Kendall	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1
Houghton	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1
Vanderlip	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1
Vincent	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	6	14	4	24	8	8	6	2	1	18

NINE.

FIELDING.				HOW PUT OUT.					
	Fly	*Bound*	*Base*	*Total*	*Fly*	*Bound*	*1st B*	*2d B*	*3d B*	*Total*
Pearce	3	13	0	16	0	3	0	0	0	0
Pearsall	1	1	2	4	1	0	0	0	0	1
Pennington	2	2	0	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Whiting	1	1	4	6	0	1	1	0	0	1
Waddell	0

THE BRITISH RING.

The Fight for the Championship of the Light Weights.

YOUNG SHAW AND TOM TYLER FOR £200.

THE MILL INTERRUPTED BY THE POLICE.

Tuesday, Sept. 3d, being the day appointed in the articles by which the talented light-weights, Young Billy Shaw and Tom Tyler, had respectively tied themselves down to fight for £100 a side, at 8st 10, in the London district, was eagerly looked forward to by the adherents and backers of the combatants, as well as the belligerents themselves. As the time approached, the condition of the men improved in the same ratio, and additional confidence was shown by both parties, thereby proving that no pains had been spared by the men in getting themselves into the fettle and training requisite to win such a stake and the title of Light-weight Champion. The money was staked from the first to the last without any hitch or false movement, and consisted of sixteen deposits of £5 a side, and the final deposit of £20 a side, which was staked Aug 22d, in the presence of a large muster of friends of both parties; when, despite the chaff freely distributed on such occasions, no real business, aside from staking the final deposit, was completed, the *Tylerites* asking for odds, which the Shaw party did not at that time feel themselves justified in laying. Both men have been before the public as contending in the ring for fame.

Thomas Tyler is 31 years of age, stands 5ft 4½in in height, and on this occasion weighed 8st 9lb. He first fought and beat Wolf Abrahams, £10 a side, in 132 rounds, occupying nearly three hours, Dec. 16, 1850, at Essex Marshes. Abrahams fell without a blow. On this occasion he weighed 8st 2lbs After a couple of years' absence, he re-appeared in the ring with Ned Turner, whom he defeated for £10 a side, in 21 rounds, 60 minutes, April 12, 1853, at the Halfway House, Kentish Marshes. His next appearance was with Jack Brookes, of Norwich, on which occasion he suffered defeat at Brookes' hands, for £20 a side, at Long Reach, on December 20, 1854, after fighting fifty rounds, in one hour and thirty minutes. Forfeited £17 10s to Young Harrington, in consequence of Tyler neglecting his training, in August, 1854. Drew with Jack Sullivan, £25 a side, after fighting 58 rounds, in 2 hours and 50 minutes, down the river, the police interfered, March 14th, 1856. His last encounter was with Bill Gillam, of Brighton, (who had fought Dan Thomas) for £50 a side, at catch-weight. On this occasion, Tyler had trained near the Crystal Palace, and most decidedly had not taken that care of himself in his training that was requisite and necessary; and the result of the battle proved the same to be correct. They met on October 16, 1860, at a place called Smugoak Common, near St. Albans, Tyler having for his seconds, Jem Mace and George Woody. Tyler got the first blood in the second round, and took such a commanding lead that 2 to 1 was freely laid on him; but want of condition, soon after this, began to tell, and after some rounds the battle was very level. After they had contested 32 severe rounds, the police interfered, and stopped the battle. The referee appointed a meeting the second day, at Aldershot, when Tyler gave Gillam some compensation to draw the money, in consequence of his hands being so swelled from the previous day's fighting. Soon after the present match was made, Tom commenced taking particular care of himself, and paid every attention requisite to his sparring practice, allowing no opportunity to pass of trying his hand with any professor of the noble art; and the bouts he has had with his principal backer and mentor, the Champion, Jem Mace, have been neither few nor far between, and that worthy's (the champion's) decision was, that the light-weight "would be heard of" to some advantage. When half the money had been posted, Tom betook himself to the country, and took up his training quarters at Buckhurst Hill, Essex, where he had the valuable services of George Woody to finish his training. On Monday afternoon he arrived in London, and took up his quarters at Jem Mace's, from which house he took his departure for the scene of action.

William Shaw is 19 years of age, having been born on September 9, 1841, is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and on entering the roped arena, weighed 8st 8lb. He is the son of the well-known veteran, Jemmy Shaw, of canine notoriety, who, in 1839, when 8st 4lb in weight, defeated Young Sambo in 40 min., for a purse, on Jan. 19. He next beat O'Brien, for £10 a side, in 23 min. 10 rounds, at Horsell, Surrey, July 21, 1840. In 1841, received £20 forfeit from Lawes, May 20. Young Shaw has only fought for one stake previous to the present—viz., with C. Lynch, the American, who was then the Champion of the light weights. C. Lynch is of Irish extraction, and was born in New York, in 1830, but first came out in the P. R. in the Quaker city of Philadelphia, when he so thoroughly licked a party named Lacon, that he soon found friends to back him against Brady, who he likewise easily defeated. Finding there was not sufficient scope for his pugilistic powers in the city of "friends," he visited New York, the "hot-bed" of Yankee pugilism. The talent there soon gave him a chance, by matching him against another "smart youth" who located in the neighborhood of Broadway, of the name of Callaghan, and whom he whopped to his heart's content. He then fought a draw battle with Macarthy, and a winning battle with another Irish lad, ycleept the "Derry Youth," and another of the name of Kelly. After this, finding no one worthy his attention in America, he made up his mind to visit England, and lost no time after landing, in making a match, for in a few days we hear he had met and defeated a man called Gillett, the Tough, easily. He then fought Simon Finighty, at 8st, £15 a side, by whom he was defeated in 96 rounds, 2 hours and 48 min., at Old Haven, Oct. 27, 1857. Lynch lost by a foul blow. His next encounter was a win with Harrington, £25 a side, in 58 rounds, 1 hour and 17 min., at Shell Haven, June 16, 1858. After that, he beat Sullivan, £30 to £20, in 29 rounds, 48 min., down the river, August 17, 1858. Beaten by Dan Thomas, the Cambrian champion, £50 a side, 56 rounds, 1 hour 40 minutes, near Aldershot, January 25, 1859. In the same year, he had his revenge by defeating Simon Finighty, for £50 a side, in 43 rounds, 1 hour and 10 minutes, on the Kentish Marshes, August 2d. His last battle was with Billy Shaw, by whom he was defeated. They fought for £25 a side, at catch weight; Shaw being 8st 11b, and Lynch a trifle under 8st. Shaw was backed from Geo. Brown's, and had for his seconds, H. Brunton and Kit Burns, of New York. The battle was fixed to take place after that of Sayers and Heenan, April 18th, 1860; but in consequence of police interference, they met the next day at Purfleet, when Young Shaw, in the fourth round, drew first blood, and took so decided a lead that 20 to 16 was freely laid on Shaw, who gained the first knock-down blow by sending Lynch off his legs in the 31st round, after fighting 50 minutes. In the 37th round, the police interfered, and an adjournment to another day was unavoidable, when the rendezvous was fixed at Aldershot. On appearing in the ring, both were very stiff, from the exertions on the previous day, the betting was, however, two to one on Shaw, who drew blood in the first round, and notwithstanding all the game and determined struggles of Lynch, Young Shaw was proclaimed the conqueror in 61 rounds. Time, 1 hour and 45 minutes. Young Shaw was backed from George Brown's, although no doubt the greater portion of his money comes from the west. Shaw, like his opponent, when about half the money had been staked, commenced his preparation for the encounter; and shortly afterwards visited Ireland with his trainer, Dick Lewis. His headquarters there were at Cambridge Hotel, Dublin, where he stopped until August 19th, when he arrived in London to show at Alec Keene's benefit. Since then he has completed his training at the Wagon and Horses, Kew, where he was daily visited by bosts of friends. He arrived at George Brown's on Monday, and took his departure from the same "hostelrie" on the eventful morning. There was but very little betting at the sporting houses on Sunday, the principal being at the East end, at a slight shade of odds upon Shaw.

The weighing took place on Monday evening, about a quarter-past eight, at Geo. Brown's, in the presence of a large muster, most of whom were of the pugilistic school, both of the past and present, metropolitan and provincial. Very few offers were made to back either man, until the time arrived for scaling, when Geo. Brown offered to back Shaw for a score at evens, which met with an offer to take 5 to 4 from one of Tyler's backers. Tom Tyler was the first to scale in his flannels, and he did not balance the scale by a long way, and, of course, was passed without a murmur. Young Shaw soon afterwards came to the test, and likewise was well within the weight. After both men had retired, a backer of Tyler's offered to back him for £25 at evens; but this met no response, both parties evidently waiting for the day of fighting to invest their coin. The benefit of Old Jemmy Shaw already promised to be a bumper; all appearing only too much pleased to give the veteran a good turn. The sporting houses, the same evening, everywhere to the westward, were well filled with the lovers of a mill, but the same dullness prevailed as regards the betting; and, although a few pounds were laid, they were by no means a criterion of the betting, the moneyed parties, on all hands, having made up their minds to await the field of battle. Opinions, of course, were diversified, but the greater bulk, as far as words went, were in favor of Young Shaw, although the timidity displayed in laying a slight shade of odds, shewed that they had a wholesome "caution" respecting Tyler's use of his mawleys; and, in most cases, the answer to a want of odds was, "wait until to morrow." Notwithstanding the stagnant state of speculation on all sides, the general opinion was that the morrow's mill would be a "model one."

An early hour in the morning was fixed upon for the departure, and perfectly fresh ground was chosen, a new line and station being favored. Shortly after daylight, numerous arrivals made the inhabitants of Belgravia aware that some trip out of the ordinary was in contemplation. The arrangements, under the management of George Brown, Alec Keene, Jem Mace, and Woody, were complete, every one being enabled to get to the money-takers with scarcely any bother, the only crowding being outside the station. Tom Tyler and his friends were the first to arrive, at 5:30, and at once became the centre of attraction. Five minutes after, another commotion on the outside announced a fresh arrival, and Young Shaw was ushered into the station, and, as a matter of course, his movements were watched with great interest. On the platform, £30 was laid at evens. At length the time for starting arrived, and thirteen well laden carriages started on their journey at 6:20. The journey by rail was concluded at Stroud, after a pleasant ride through a portion of the Garden of England. An embarkation on board a steamer, the Hero, of Rochester, was then made without any inconvenience. Before the *voyageurs* had time to embark, a couple of police in a chaise cart were seen in waiting, thus putting a damper on the spirits of those who expected the mill to take place on the Medway without molestation. A start was effected at 7:55 up the Medway, through the guard ships, with Bishop's Island on the right, the Isle of Grain on the left, where Jem Mace defeated Hurst, and Buckhurst Island on the left. At this time, Jem Mace offered to back Tom Tyler for £50, which was accepted to £10. The boat was stopped, to consider whether the first attempt should be made at Burntwick Island, alongside Handwick Creek, at 9:35. A stormy discussion arose about the advisability of landing, Tyler's party wishing to go further on; and at length it was decided to go further on in the Thames. A subscription was entered into to help to defray the extra expenses, which was liberally subscribed to by all hands on board, who had the possibles at command. After a very uncomfortable and rough passage across Sea Reach, a landing was effected at Shell Haven, at 11:50. After the ring had been partially pitched, the "blues" were seen wending their way, and nothing remained but to make another move, which, at 12:26, was made back to the Medway, being the only place available, in consequence of the tide. After another tedious and unprofitable trip the vessel anchored at Stanley Creek at 3:10, and a landing was effected as quickly as the muddy shore would allow.

No time was lost by the commissary and his assistants in forming the ring, while Inspector Duncan and his staff of men—viz., Ned Adams, Dan Collins, J. Hicks, Young Donovan, King, Bandoff, Jemmy Shaw, and George Crockett, quickly cleared the inner ring for the privileged. Young Shaw was the first to throw in his cap, waited upon by two Bonifaces. Some little time was lost before Tyler followed suit, likewise acquired by a couple of pubs. Shaw won the toss for corners, and chose the one with the wind at his back. The referee having been chosen, and the colors, a blue bird's-eye for Tyler, and a white handkerchief, with a magenta border, for Shaw, having been tied to the stakes, the men peeled for action, betting being even, and at five minutes past four stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The appearance and condition of the men was eagerly scanned as they walked from their corners to commence hostilities, and certainly no two athletes of any time could have come to the scratch in better condition. The attitude of both was masterly, each standing with the left hand and arm well-advanced, although rather low; the left foot well in front, and with the right arm well crossed upon the body. Shaw stood over his opponent, and was also a trifle longer in the reach, which when they alternately advanced the left duke, was apparent to a judge of the art of fisticuffs. They stood looking and taking stock for a few seconds, when they commenced sparring, to try each other's tactics. After a few feelers, thrown out on both sides, Tyler led off with his left, when Shaw broke ground, and got out of reach, but Tyler, following him up, got the double one on the throat with the left, and cleverly avoided the return from both hands. This made Shaw cautious, as he two or three times umped away when Tyler feinted with his left. On getting within reach, Shaw screwed himself up for mischief, but Tyler, not to be bad, got away, and pursued the same tactics on Shaw, each trying it on again. Some more sparring took place, until they got close enough, when Tyler sent out his left as a baulk, and then tried the double, which was beautifully stopped by Shaw, who retreated laughing, and delivered his left at the head, but was very short. Tyler then went to Shaw and put his left slightly on his chest, and broke away. A little feinting and sparring between them, until they got near, when they countered with the left, Shaw getting on a little one on the cheek, and Tyler rather a heavy one on the mark. They broke ground after this exchange, and sparred until within distance, when Shaw offered with his left, Tyler jumping out of distance, grinning. They then countered, Tyler getting the left on the mouth, Shaw landing on the cheek. Tyler feinted twice, Shaw each time getting away; when Tyler found he could reach his opponent, he landed his left on the snout, but not heavily. Tyler now tried to force the fighting; but Billy, not to be caught napping, got out of danger cleverly. Offers to lay 5 to 4 on Tyler. Tyler again got a light left-hander on the cheek. Shaw retired to the ropes, Tom following him, where counters with the left on the cheek and beak took place. Renewing the hitting, Tyler planted his left on the Darby, receiving a "little 'un" on the cheek. After this, a couple of good exchanges took place, when they closed; and, after a brief struggle, Tyler twisted Shaw down, who, in going down, threw Tyler away from falling on him. Time, 10 minutes, 39 seconds.

2. As the men came up to the call of time, Shaw's dial was flushed, showing where Tyler's left hand had been busy, Tyler not showing a mark whatever. Both were cautious in the extreme, each displaying the same tactics—waiting for his opponent to take the initiative. At length, Tyler, working to within shot, dashed out the left at the head viciously, which was prettily and scientifically stopped. Tyler feinted, but Shaw got away nimbly. Tom then tried his favorite double, but was again artistically stopped. More cautious sparring took place, both playing at long bowls; but each was too leary to allow his opponent to land effectively. After a couple of feints by Tyler, from which Shaw retreated, Tom landed his left lightly on Billy's right cheek. Both fought very patiently, waiting for an opening, and in turn, breaking ground very prettily from the left hand offers of his opponent. They at length got within shot, when Tyler, as quick as lightning, let go his left at the head, and was again most beautifully stopped; Shaw countering with a little one, rather short, on the left cheek. Tyler again tried his double, this time succeeding in getting fairly on the right ogle, cleverly avoiding the return from Shaw. The same cautious tactics were again exhibited, until Shaw, seeing a fancied opening, let loose his left at the nut, but Tom stopped the same cleverly, and got back laughing. On again nearing, Tom led off on the beak with his left, Shaw very short with the left in return. Tom followed Shaw to his corner, where exchanges took place left and right. They then separated, and renewed the round in the middle of the ring. Tyler tried to take a lead, but Shaw cautiously retreated until nearing the ropes, when they countered simultaneously, Shaw getting on to Tom's right peeper, the latter visiting Billy's proboscis. They again sparred for an opening, but both getting warm to their work, again let fly, each landing with their left, Billy on the left goggler; and Tyler on the nasal organ. More caution shown, and they manœuvred until near the ropes, when Tyler again got on the left, and jumped away from the return. Counters on the cheek took place, and the lads had evidently made up their minds to sharp work, when the unwelcome cry of "the Bobbies!" was raised, and a posse of them were seen tumbling over the banks. Time, 27 min. 30 sec.

REMARKS.

Of course, the presence of the police put all further ideas of fighting out of the question for the day, and a quick re-embarkation took place. In consequence of the short duration of the contest, the clever tactics of the men combined with their superior condition, the punishment shown by them was trivial in the extreme.

RENEWAL OF THE MILL.

WEDNESDAY.—The referee having decided on Tuesday, in consequence of the police interfering, that the men should meet on the following day, an early hour was named for the departure from an "old rendezvous." A large concourse of the lovers of a good mill assembled. Shortly before eight o'clock, the voyagers wended their way towards Woolwich, to which place the referee first ordered the combatants. On arriving there, it was found that Tom Tyler was not present. After waiting some little time, Jem Mace went in search of his *protege*, and he was soon forthcoming. Very little time was lost, considering that small boats were put into requisition, but at length, after a great deal of persuasion, the parties who were valorous enough to venture, were fairly started on their way down the silent highway at 8:45 A. M. The fleet consisted of eight boats, which, by the aid of sail and oar, made the best of their way on a vague voyage of discovery. The flotilla, as it passed, created a vast sensation, and put all the watermen at the different landing places on the *qui vive*, for, before the first place of landing was reached, the number of boats had increased to fourteen. An hour and a half's sail having been completed, a landing was effected at 10:10, near a factory which was anything but pleasant to the olfactory organs; and passing which to the locality chosen by the commissary for pitching the magic arena, disturbed the internal economy of several of the visitors, who forthwith commenced the pleasant performance of casting up accounts. The ring having been pitched, Tom Tyler first threw in his cap, with the same seconds as on the previous day. Shaw soon followed suit, one of his seconds being changed, a Boniface from the east being substituted for the east ender who officiated on the previous occasion. The toss for choice of corners was won by Tyler, who called to Shaw. The winner of the toss chose the corner with his back to the wind. Everything bid fair to proceed "as merry as a marriage bell," but while the combatants were lacing up their boots, a solitary "peeler" showed his unwelcome mug, and all chance of the game being renewed was quashed, the more especially when he mentioned the fact of an inspector and four more Marplots being on the road. No other course remained but to try fresh ground, and very little time was lost in sailing in search of a new field of battle. The embarkation took place without accident, and after a consultation, another pitch was made, and during the landing a few mishaps occurred, one boat, with a heavy weight or two as cargo, being stove; and a staunch backer of Mace's (Mr. W. Richardson), in landing, losing his sea legs, owing to the lurching of his craft, fell cleverly on his back in the water, from which he emerged with a thorough wetting, amidst the ironical congratulations of his "pals." During the time the ring was being formed, an alarm arose that the "bobbies" had again discovered their whereabouts, but a false scent being thrown out, they fortunately were frustrated, and did not again hit upon the track. Again was the ring put ship shape, when Shaw threw in his cap, attended by Jemmy Welsh and G. Brown. Tyler soon followed, in fighting costume, having stripped in a house adjacent to the scene of action; and all having settled into their positions, they commenced at ten minutes past twelve.

THE RENEWED FIGHT.

Round 1. Neither of the men showed any marks of the previous day's encounter, both looking fresh and well. They sparred until within distance, when each of them made a feint and broke away. After some sparring, Tyler led off with his left on the nut, which was well stopped, and again at the mark, which was not effective, as Shaw jumped away. Tyler again tried his left fork at the head, which was neatly stopped, and similar tactics were followed. Each feinted to draw his opponent, but both being "wide oh," they broke ground. Tyler then got his left on the chest, but not heavily. Some very cautious sparring took place, during which some very great caution was displayed, even at this early portion of the contest, neither caring to lead off, as a straight 'un on the dial would be the return. Billy, at length, led off with his left, but was very short, Tyler being out of danger instantly. Slight counters with the left took place, each getting back. Tyler then sent his left on Shaw's right cheek, making a small cut, from which a thin stream of the ruby was seen trickling. "First blood" for Tyler, claimed and allowed. Shaw sent out a hot 'un in return, but was neatly stopped. After a little sparring, Billy got his left on Tom's eye slightly, and, trying again, Tyler stopped it nicely, but was short in the counter. The lads sparred for an opening, both being evidently puzzled what tactics to follow. After this, Tyler led off with his left, which was again neatly stopped as well as his favorite double. Tyler, after some more sparring and feinting, delivered his left smartly on the right eye, and sent Shaw to grass staggering. First knock down for Tyler. Time, 7 min. 30 sec.

2. On time being called, the men came up, Shaw with a "mouse" on the right cheek, from which the carmine still ebbed. Tyler had no bruises, but with his dial and chest flushed from the visitations from Billy's left. Some little sparring took place, when Shaw led off with his left, but only to be stopped. Tyler then feinted, and Shaw jumped away from danger. Both again played round each other, waiting for an opening, each alternately baulking and breaking ground. Tyler at length delivered his left short, and tried his double, which was well stopped. More tedious sparring, Tyler got his left on the right optic without a return. Great caution was displayed. Shaw in a couple of instances stopped Tyler's left. More sparring, during which both countered at the same time, but with no effect, as each stopped his adversary's attempt cleverly. The same cautious game was played. At length, both puzzled, walked about the ring. On renewing the round, they again commenced the same sparring until they got close, when Shaw sent his left straight on to Tyler's right ogle, forcing exchanges, in which Shaw got on the chest and jaw. Tyler on the right cheek and bread-basket. They then fought wildly to a close, and, after a short struggle, Tyler threw Shaw at the ropes. Time, 14 min.

3. Shaw came up with his right lamp discolored and dropping the ruby; his chest red from some of Tyler's left handed deliveries in the previous round. Tyler had his right squinter much flushed, and with red marks on the chest and side of the neck. Some very pretty and scientific sparring took place, during which several attempts to get on were made with the left, all of which were neatly stopped on both sides. At length, Tyler got his left on the mark heavily, leaving the impression of his knuckles. More tedious sparring, each in turn advancing and retiring, and getting out of distance when impending danger appeared about to visit him. After a long time wasted in these tactics, Tyler led off with his left, which was very short; Shaw, making an attempt with the left, also short, jumped away from the return. More cautious sparring took place, during which several left handers were well stopped, or falling short, landed lightly on the chest. These tactics were followed until the patience of the lookers-on was well nigh exhausted, and the combatants stood and looked at each other. On renewing the round, Tyler got a little one with the left on the tatur-trap, Shaw out of distance in his return. Good left handed counters took place, Tyler getting on to the right eye, Shaw delivering on the neck. Shaw then got on the forehead with the left, Tyler getting his left on the kissing trap twice in succession. This forced a clever counter, Shaw on the right eye, Tyler on the snout. The next attempt was well stopped on both sides. Billy next got his left on the body, Tyler short at the same place. Shaw tried again at the Jocoa-nut, but Tyler, leary, got out of distance; returning to the scratch, Tyler sent out his left, which was neatly stopped three times. Shaw then tried his left, but the delivery met with the same fate. After some sparring they countered, Shaw getting on to Tyler's cheek, receiving in return on the right glistener. Shaw then led off with his left, which was well stopped, Tyler landing one on the right lamp, and on the warbler. These rubs seemed to wake up Shaw, who followed Tyler to the ropes, when Tyler feinted, and slipped on one side out of reach. On coming together in the centre of the ring, they countered with the left, Shaw getting on to the kisser, Tyler on the snuffer. Some more sharp counters then passed on the same spots, after which, Shaw got his right well home on the darby, Tyler getting on the gab-box. More counters, Shaw getting well on the mouth, Tyler on the right peeper. Tyler next got in one on the mark without a return. This led to a good rally, in which right and left exchanges took place. Tyler got his left fairly on the forehead, which sent Shaw on to his knees, but only for an instant, as he jumped up and renewed the round. They were very busy for some little time, Shaw getting his left on the taster, receiving one on the same spot. Tyler then got a left-hander slightly on the cheek, receiving a "hot 'un" with Shaw's left on the eye, which staggered him, followed up by a good right-hand upper-cut, which nearly made the shutters go up; they then had a good rally, during which some wild in-fighting took place, until they broke away. Some sparring for wind took place, each in turn feinting and breaking away; after some time, they met and countered with the left on the right lamps. Shaw tried to force the fighting, but Tyler would not be had, and both were forced to wait for an opening. Shaw landed his left on the ribs and got back from the return. Some more sparring until they got close, when they countered on the dial lightly, which forced a couple of good exchanges. Shaw visiting the beak with his right, Tyler planting his right heavily on the left listener. This blow did not improve Tyler's right hand, which immediately swelled. The seconds of the men had a growl for a minute or two: the demonstration, however, ended in smoke. On the lads renewing the round, after the interruption, they led off in turn, all of which were well stopped. Shaw followed Tyler to the ropes, evidently meaning mischief, but Tyler ducked and got out of the trap, laughing. They then gave exchanges. Shaw getting his left on the corpus, Tyler planting his left on the throat. A couple of counters on both sides were well stopped, after which Shaw got his left on the damaged right ogle. Each led off with the left, and was beautifully stopped. Shaw, who meant mischief, got himself ready for sending out a "hot 'un," which Tyler just escaped by shifting his ground, landing a little one on the throat. A couple of good left-handed exchanges took place, Tyler getting on to the throat, Shaw on the right lamp, which was nearly shut up, and much discolored. Shaw, busy with the left, which visited the squinter again, Tyler again visiting the kisser twice, the second time without a return. They then sparred cautiously for some time, when Shaw led off short with the left, and tried to put on the double, but Tyler was awake, and stopped it cleverly. More sparring. Shaw then got on the mark with the left, Tyler landing on the chin with the left, which fork was now decidedly gone, and much puffed. Tyler then delivered his left on the mark. The left hand attempts on both sides were well stopped. After more sparring, Shaw got his left home upon the damaged goggler, and the right on the ribs, Tyler's right paying a visit to Bill's left listener, Shaw getting well upon the left cheek, Tyler sending a little one on to Shaw's right cheek. This forced exchanges, in which Tyler got on the strawberry-taster, Shaw on the right sparkler. Some very clever tactics were displayed, neither appearing anxious to take the initiative, as if he well knew the penalty. At length Shaw got his left well on the old goggler, stopping Tyler's return neatly. Tyler then got well upon the mark, stopping a dangerous one from Shaw's left. Shaw then got on the chest, and jumped away from the return. Tyler then got on the feeder, stopping the return twice. This forced some good exchanges, right and left, on the head, neck, and ribs, on both sides. They then closed and fibbed away merrily, until both fell on the ropes—Tyler on Shaw on the top rope, where he held him until the rope gave way, and Shaw was enabled to extricate himself by rolling over Tyler on the ground. Time, 1 hour 5 min. This round lasted fifty-one minutes.

4. Tyler was up to time, with his right ogle in mourning, and nearly closed, and with several abrasions about the region of the "darby," where Billy had been busy with both hands. Shaw had his right eye cut, with flushed marks on the throat and chest; his snout and kisser, also, were much swelled and flushed. After some sparring, each got on with the left slightly, both being half stopped, after which they took a rest for some time. On renewing the fighting, Tyler got a little one on the right cheek without a return. They sparred over the ring. On getting together, both lefts were well stopped; Tyler, half-slipping, laid himself open to an uppercut, of which opportunity Shaw did not avail himself, being too late in the attempt. They countered with the left, Shaw getting on the eye, and Tyler on the mouse-trap. After more tedious sparring, they countered, Shaw getting on the right ogle, and Tyler visiting the left lamp, and again upon the snout and cheek slightly. After another tedious bout of sparring, they exchanged lightly with the left; in breaking away, Shaw slipped, and Tyler landed an uppercut on the shoulder. This forced some in-fighting, in which Shaw delivered his left on the head, Tyler getting his right upon the jaw. They then closed, and some good in-fighting took place at the ropes until they separated, when each retired to his corner, and was attended to by his second. At the same time, it was seen that Tyler's left hand was much swelled, and his right fast following suit. Shaw's seconds, during the rest, drew his attention to the state of Tyler's offensive weapons, and tried to prevail upon him to force the fighting; but, to their surprise, he still pursued the same tactics as previously, playing at long shots, at which Jack was as good as his master; for they each got their left on the right ogles, when they commenced operations. The next performance was some very cautious sparring, which tired out the patience of the spectators. They then retired, and took a walk round the ring, and talked to their advisers. It was soon evident that each had met a tartar, and was perfectly at a nonplus what to do. At length, they met to recommence, and very light counters took place on the snout and feeder. They again walked about. Shaw afterwards got on a little one on the chest, and the double on the right eye, Tyler getting his left on the kisser. They then took stock of one another, until Shaw, being told to "go in," walked to the middle of the ring, when the same tedious sparring took place. Shaw led off with the left at the head, which was stopped neatly, and napped it on the mouth for his pains. After more sparring, Shaw was short at the body. They then sparred over the ring and again stood still. Shaw's seconds again told him to go in, when he feinted with the left, and Tyler got away, and they had another rest. It was proposed at this time that they should draw the battle, and shake hands, as it was evident that both were fighting on the defensive, and that the affair would not be settled before dark. This order of proceeding was continued for some time, each walking round the ring and conversing with his friends, when the referee entered the ring and gave them five minutes to make up their minds to fight. They then stood up before each other, but neither attempted to fight. At the expiration of the time allowed, the referee re-entered the ring and declared it a drawn battle, and ordered them to shake hands, and the last act took place after fighting 2 hours and 4 minutes. This round lasted 59 minutes.

REMARKS.

The result of this encounter was a great disappointment to the friends and backers of both Shaw and Tyler, each party having evidently held the representative of the opposite faction too cheaply. Although the fight did not result in a win on either side, and two out of the four rounds were remarkably tedious, it must be taken into consideration that the men are notorious for their skill in the use of their mawleys, and, in almost every instance, the one who was the first to lead off caught pepper for his trouble, and although neither man showed much punishment when the affair was concluded, that was the consequence of the extraordinary fine condition in which they had been brought to the mark. The blows on both sides, from the quickness in which they were delivered, did not appear to be severe, but, as time progressed, the marks of their handiwork were very apparent. Tyler's party were disappointed by his hands not standing, as every precaution had been taken to keep them sound, and his well wishers should advise him to take his farewell of the ring from this infirmity. Young Shaw did not realize the expectations of his supporters, in consequence of his not going in to finish Tyler, when his opponent's hands were almost harmless; but the straight shots of Tyler had, no doubt, made him cautious, as well as the hanging on the ropes at the conclusion of the third round, having militated against his success. He felt the effects across his loins during the conclusion of the fight. That both men tried to win the battle and their friends' money is evident, and the result has been similar to many previous contests, when the combatants have been so even in skill, and followed the same tactics. It is the intention of their friends to pay them for their colors the same as if they were winning ones; and, although it was a drawn battle, no one can have any cause to grumble at the result. It was not Tyler's game to force the fighting with his bad hands; and that Shaw was in a fix what to do with his shifty opponent, was patent to all. Should Shaw at any time meet with an antagonist who would go for punishment, there is no doubt that Billy would be heard of to greater advantage.

Young Shaw not feeling satisfied at the unsatisfactory result of the above battle would like to have it decided, to see which is the best man, and is willing to leave the £100 down, and stake £100 more to it, or as much as Tyler likes, at the same weight; or Shaw will fight Lynch, at 8st 3lb, in a month or six weeks, for £100 or £200 a side; or any other man in the world, at 8st 4lb, for not less than £100 a side. Shaw will not fight any one over 8st 4lb except Tyler.

JACK LYNCH AND JAS. HATCHELOR, FOR £20, AT CATCH-WEIGHT.—Immediately after the conclusion of the battle between Shaw and Tyler, Jack Lynch and James Batchelor proceeded to settle their affair, at catch weight, for £10 a side. Lynch is a novice, who stands 5ft. 7½in in height, nineteen years of age, and 8st 12lb in weight, and had for his seconds Dan Thomas and Jack Hicks. Jas Batchelor is also a novice, twenty-two years of age, 9st 2lb in weight, 5ft. 4¾in. in height, and was attended by George Crockett and George King. After fighting fifty-three minutes, during which sixteen rounds were fought, all in favor of Lynch, who got the first blood, and four fair knock-downs, the seconds of Batchelor threw up the sponge in token of his defeat, and Lynch was hailed the winner with scarcely a mark to show he had been fighting.

AQUATICS.

ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB.

On Monday, 16th September, the seventh annual gala-day of this aquatic organization came off at Harlem, and the result was given in our last. We now give the details. The course to be rowed was five miles, measured, with three turns, as follows:—From the judges' yacht, anchored off Conrad's "Yorkville Park," foot of 93d street, up the Harlem River to a stake-boat off the foot of 119th street, turning from the west to the east; thence back to the judges' yacht at 93d street, turning it from the New York shore to the Long Island shore; thence up to the 116th street stake boat, turning it the same as before, and then back to the home flag-boat, passing it on either side, to complete the race.

There were four races, for which $400 were given in prizes. The first race was for seventeen feet working-boats, rowing two pair sculls; no outriggers allowed. First prize, champion flag and twenty dollars; second prize, ten dollars; third prize, entrance fee, three dollars.

The second race was for six oared lapstreak built boats, for amateur oarsmen only. First prize, champion flag and silver pitcher; second prize, the entrance fee, five dollars.

The third race was for four oared boats—no restrictions. First prize, champion flag and purse of one hundred dollars; second prize, twenty five dollars; third prize, ten dollars.

The fourth race was for champion sculls; no restrictions. First prize, purse of fifty dollars and champion flag; second prize $20; entrance fee, five dollars.

The day was all that could be desired; the river was smooth, and everything was favorable to a good day's rowing sport. A large assemblage of spectators had congregated in the Park, and all along the shores of the river where a view of the boats could be obtained. The course, however, was not kept at all clear, the regatta, in this respect, being far behind those of previous years, in all of which the contestants were certain of having a "clear field." The harbor police were present in two boats, Nos 3 and 5, but these were not sufficient to keep the course clear; in fact, they did not, apparently, exert themselves a great deal to preserve the usual and necessary order. The entries were also fewer than usual, with the exception of those comprising the double scull race.

At about half past 2 o'clock P. M. the bugle was sounded for the seventeen feet working boats to get ready, and the following appeared in line:—

No. 1..Silas Wright, rowed by John Curran and P. O'Neil; red and white.
No. 2..Hop Up, rowed by A. Latham and Wm. Wentover; red.
No. 3..Gen. Scott, rowed by Finch and West; white.
No. 4..Maggie, rowed by Wm. Baines and Dan'l Kelly; grey.
No. 5..Harry Fish, rowed by Wm. Coogan and M. Rodgers; red and white.
No. 6..H. W. Genett, rowed by Dennis Leary and W. H. Dexter; blue and white.
No. 7..John Brennan, rowed by James Walker and J. Dunn; pink and white.

The race was a close one for about a mile or so, when the boats became considerably separated. The Silas Wright, Maggie and Harry Fish kept well together all the distance, making a good race of it. The Brennan unfortunately "fouled" soon after starting, and she was obliged to withdraw; as she had an excellent crew, it was generally supposed she would have been among the winning boats, but for the culpable conduct of the craft which destroyed her chances. The General Scott did not complete the course.

The second race, for six oared lapstreak boats, manned by amateurs, was contested by the Lightfoot and S. Berdan, who made a close and exciting race of it throughout. The Lightfoot took the lead soon after starting, although the Berdan had the jump of her for the first five or six strokes. The Lightfoot came round the judges' yacht on the first turn some two lengths ahead, and the positions of the two boats did not vary much during the race, with the exception of the L. occasionally increasing her lead an additional length or so, which the Berdan would make up. The Lightfoot belongs to the "Atlantic Boat Club," of Hoboken, and is of beautiful model and proportions. Her crew are members of the well known "Gulick Boat Club," and they also won the first prize in the six oared boat race on the Harlem river, last season. They row a very handsome and uniform stroke, and have the necessary endurance and practice to pull as hard at the termination as at the outset of a race. The Lightfoot was built by C. J. Thoms. The Berdan was also rowed in good style, and her young crew's exertions were favorably noticed. Their stroke lacked somewhat of the ease and grace of their competitors, and at times was too short and rapid to last. Both boats, however, reflected honor upon New-York amateur oarsmanship. The Lightfoot's time was 36:47; the Berdan was nine seconds in her rear, and rowed the distance in 36:51. The L. was rowed by the following crew: William H. Matthews, stroke oar; James Ward, Robert Halliday, Jacob Y. White, Edward Van Zile, William H. Spear, coxswain, and George L. Devoe. The Samuel Berdan, of New York, 35 feet long, was rowed by H. Berdan, stroke; R. Ellis, R. Tilson, P. Devine, John Branegan, and J. Barrett; Coxswain, M. Devine. Dress, pink shirts, white caps.

The four-oared race was between the Judge Voorhies, of Brooklyn, manned by the three brothers Sellers, and Dennis Leary. Her crew wore white shirts, and white handkerchiefs.

The George J. Brown, of New York, was manned by John A. Biglin, J. H. Biglin, B. M. Biglin, and John Eckerson, who pulled stroke. They rowed in grey shirts, and white caps.

The Brown took the lead after the first few strokes, and was never headed during the race, which she won in good style in 36:38. The Voorhies was some four lengths astern at the termination of the race.

The last race was for single scull shells for which three boats started, viz:—No. 1. Jack Gazzay, rowed by John McGready, red and white; No. 2. George Ogden, rowed by John Hancon, white; No. 3. Wm. Armstrong, rowed by John King, red.

The Ogden took the lead on the start, but the Gazzay soon showed in front, and McGready, who rowed excellently, was not pushed at all during the balance of the race, which he won by more than a distance. His time was 41:45. Hancon was 42:51. King withdrew on the first turn. The anonymous announcement that Joshua Ward was to row in this race was made without any authority, as he was not entered.

Messrs. Putman, Voorhies, Pollock, Thompson, Barker, Wing, Foster, McGown and Odell, acted as judges.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE REGATTA.

THE CHAMPION AGAIN A WINNER.

One of the most exciting and best contested rowing contests we ever witnessed, came off on the Hudson River, off Poughkeepsie, on Friday, 20th of September. Four prizes were given, the first boat receiving forty five dollars; the second boat thirty-five; the third twenty five; and the fourth fifteen dollars. The course rowed was a distance of five miles—the boats starting from a stake-boat anchored off the steamboat dock, and rowing up the river two and one half miles, rounding an upper stake boat, and returning to the place of starting.

There were six entries, and they all started; they were composed of as good oarsmen as ever came in competition in the United States. They drew their numbers as follows:—

No 1—John Hancon, rowed by William Burger; built by John Hancon, of Poughkeepsie.
No. 2—Restless, rowed and built by John Hancon.
No. 3—Frank Godfrey, rowed by William Stevens, of Poughkeepsie; built by G. W. Shaw, of Newburgh.
No. 4—Oscar Teed, rowed by Joshua Ward, of Newburgh; built by G. W. Shaw.
No 5—George Ogden, of New York, rowed by

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

A BILLIARD ENTERTAINMENT was given at the Hone House, corner of Great Jones street and Broadway, on the 16th inst., complimentary to Mr. Geo. Cann, superintendent of the billiard rooms at that Hotel. The ball was opened by a game of 150 points betwen Mr. Cann and the veteran player, Joe White, by which was demonstrated the fact that though Mr. Cann can handle the cue pretty well, he cannot compete successfully with Mr. White, who done him up brown. The second and principal feature of the entertainment was a game of 500 points up, between Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, who, though they made a few good runs, and some beautiful shots, were not up to their usual standard, Mr Phelan's average being but about 16⅔, and Kavanagh's 14⅓; the former made several heavy counting shots, and at his fourteenth turn at the cue, made twenty in three shots. Here is a table of the runs made:—

Phelan....—9, 6, 13, 31, 8, 5, 5, 3, 16, 12, 0, 45, 4, 20, 21, 36, 17, 2, 18, 34, 8, 2, 45, 15, 13, 32, 2, 10, 28, 37:—500.

Kavanagh.—8, 19, 2, 0, 2, 0, 0, 30, 70, 10, 8, 5, 12, 9, 16, 11, 20, 72, 12, 25, 2, 11, 11, 13, 9, 32, 0, 12, 0:—421.

By this it will be seen that Kavanagh made the longest runs, also the most blanks and short counts, while his score was considerably augmented by his opponent's accidental pockets, Phelan being quite unfortunate in that respect. Phelan finally scored game, 79 points ahead, having had one more turn at the cue than Kavanagh. Neither of them played so well, as when they played at White's benefit. The entertainment closed by an exhibition of *massé* shots, *a la* Berger, by Kavanagh, who executed most of them excellently well, and frequently "brought down the house." Mr. Geary illustrated the problems with much affability and ability, and added to the point and piquancy of the shots, by the fluent manner in which he translated the "how" from the original French. Berger was fairly out-Bergered on the occasion.

MODEL OF A NEW YORK PILOT BOAT.—We were shown, on Saturday last, the model of a New York Pilot Boat, built by Mr. Daniel Silvey, of Tompkinsville, for Mr. Thomas Burns, and intended as a present for Jack MacDonald. The length of the little craft is three feet six inches, and she is as fine a specimen of our famous pilot boats as was ever constructed, having masts, rigging, and everything complete. She was painted by Thos. Standiwick in the most beautiful style, no less than ten coats being put upon her. Mr. Burns, while on a visit to London recently, received many favors and attentions at the hands of Mr. McDonald, and this model is intended as a testimonial of his appreciation of Mr. McDonald's kindness. On the glass case is a silver plate, with this inscription:—"A Model of a First Class Pilot Boat, from T. C. Burns to John McDonald." A glass case encloses the boat. It is designed to ship it for London some time this week.

JOSH WARD:

THE CHAMPION SCULLER OF AMERICA.

N. P. Willis, the celebrated poet, whose delicate state of health a few years ago made it almost a certainty that he could not long survive, has brought himself "around again," by taking more exercise and less physic, and he is now worth a dozen dead men. Mr. Willis has been taking a look at some of our Hudson river boat races, and scanning the physical proportions of our champion sculler, Joshua Ward. The following is his "experience" on aquatics and boatmen:—

"I may confess to a certain satisfaction, (to draw it mild,) in the present established fact, that, half a mile from Idlewild, on one side, lives 'Josh Ward,' well known as the world's first champion at the oar, and, a half a mile on the other side, lives Harkin, who is quite as sure to take the second or third prize, as Ward is to take the first. Let poetry be at a discount, whenever 'a scornful world' chooses; but, between two such 'oars,' say I, an Idlewild, otherwise unsung, is honorably sandwitched.

"'Old Ward,' as they call him, looks quite as young as most of his sons, and would be very likely to whip either of them, to-day, in a fair fight. He is a square, compact, rosy, middle-aged looking man, all frankness and jollity, and talks about his fourteen children (nine sons and five daughters) with natural pride and satisfaction. His vocation is divided between fishing, farming, and river freighting; but he is equally good, (I am told,) at several other trades. The boys have been brought up principally at river work, and it was on board a coal laden sloop, belonging to the eldest one, (who really looked as if he might be his father's father!) that we stood to get a near view of the race. The 'old woman' had come down also, 'to see her boys have their pull'—so said the 'old man' as he offered to present me to her—but, the moment it was over, she had hurried off to Josh's cottage to see his baby, and I missed the pleasure of shaking her by the hand. The neighbors tell me she is the smartest kind of a mother, ('a leetle high-tempered,') and none the worst for the fourteen improvements she has helped to make in the stock of the republic. I may as well add that I have since had 'Josh's baby' in my own arms, (calling on his wife, while he was out, the day after the race,) and a finer specimen of a 'to be continued' I never saw.

"'Josh' himself is about twenty six or twenty-seven years of age. He is one of those quiet, reserved, and never-smiling men, who look as if they would be dangerous if aroused, but the expression is softened by his absolute truthfulness, directness and good will. A little above the middle height, his frame is still so clean of all encumbrance, that he seems rather slight in ordinary clothes; but, stripped for the race, it looks like a marvellous knotting-up of wire and lignum vitæ. I saw at his house a crayon portrait made of him by an artist who saw him pulling in his skiff, and it would be worth preserving as a splendid model of the lighter built and more active athletic. Mrs Ward showed me also a photograph likeness of her husband's friend and competitor, Hankin, which hung on the opposite wall; and another, of the English boat champion, Chambers, who has just accepted a challenge from Ward, for a race that will come off with more quiet times.

"Josh's features are a cross between Talleyrand and Napoleon, his exceedingly prominent nose being bulwarked by high cheek bones and buttressed by the heaviest mould of jaw: while his calm blue eye, thin lips and regular teeth, make this very demonstrative power, look coolly and quietly determined. One half his invariable success, (I am inclined to think) depends on his mental power of concentration and clear headed analysis of forces—the marks of which qualities are very manifest in his phrenological development. He showed that he had applied these faculties to his present art, in the ecient fic explanation he gave me of the art of 'pulling'—the popular issue of a man's specific length of arm, the adaptation of the length and quickness of the stroke to his power of chest and lungs, and the time-ing of the oar so as to take the critically prompt advantage of the headway of the boat. With a military education, Josh Ward would have been the best possible stuff for the officer we need in our army.

"The champion showed me his famous skiff suspended to the ceiling of the boat house the day after the race; and a most fairy like structure it is! In length twenty-six feet, and twenty inches in width, it weighs but sixty pounds; and with a sharp bow, you might almost mend a pen! The long and slender shell, which the conchologist call a *univalve*, is something like it in shape. With the man seated in it, and the oars in action, it looks like a swift amphibium—a shell-shaped fish with the head of a man, half flying with far extended fins—and Josh confessed to me that he sometimes felt as if the skiff was a part of him! I had often rejoiced in a similar identification with a horse, but it had never occurred to me, before, that one could borrow 'bottom,' also of a boat!

"It will have been observed that the youngest son of the family, Gilbert Ward, was a competitor in the race; and the father told me that it was only a fortnight ago that this farmer-bred lad took his lesson in skiff pulling. The American quickness at learning was never better displayed, for he rows wonderfully well, and is but a lesser type of his brother Josh, in skill and force, as well as in frame and feature; but his sudden disappearance under the water, (with the upsetting of his skiff, at the unguarded catching of the surge,) was an exciting incident in the race. Two or three boats, with lady spectators in them, sped quickly to his relief, and he was hauled in like the handsomest of trout safely to the shore. I shook hands with him and his elder brothers, in the family group, at the distribution of the prize; and thus I close my mention of this Highland breed of 'boys'—pleased with having thus been able to inform the country where its best 'stock' is to be found in the emergencies likely to occur!"

TROTTING AT OTTAWA, ILL.—On the 11th inst., at Ottawa, Ill., a trot came off between the trotting stallions Young Bashaw and Black Douglas, for premiums at the Horse Fair, held at that place. The Bashaw won the first in 2:48 and 2:50. Douglas won the second in 2:45 and 2:46.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WANTED.—Two copies of No. 12 of the present volume of the CLIPPER, for which two or three times their intrinsic value will, if necessary, be paid. Address "Miron J. Hazeltine, CLIPPER Office," or "Morphy Chess Rooms."

JAS. A. LEONARD; F. E. BRENZINGER; D. E. DELMAR; and E. McCUTCHEON are hereby cordially thanked for valuable contributions.

J. MCLEAN; E. CHANIER; and W. S. WHEELWRIGHT will please forward the "docs" at their earliest convenience.

A. C. M., N. Y.—In Prob. No. 290 you are right; as also in re Enig. 290. It is by no means the simple thing you suppose. There are some pretty piquancies in it which you appear not to have seen, or appreciated.

J. H. WESCOTT, M. D.—How will the following apply to "Franklin's Kite:"—1..R to Kt 3; 2..B x P; 3..R mates—eh? Anything new for us? Are you aware that No. CXXXIX "CLIP PROB. TOUR." has, after all, a second solution? S. Loyd "figgers one out" from 1..Q B to R 3d. See if you can make or mend it.

C. C. B., Canajoharie.—We will try that "jacket" on and report how it fits. The subject of dating our Chess col. was submitted to our Ed. in Chief, long ago, and by him adjudged unadvisable.

GEO. H. DERRICKSON.—The last of your contributions; let us receive something fresh, straightway.

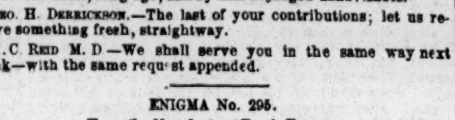
N. C. REID, M. D.—We shall serve you in the same way next week—with the same request appended.

ENIGMA No. 295.

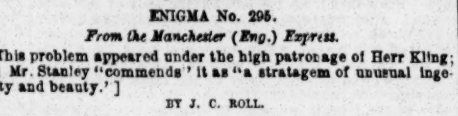
From the Manchester (Eng.) Express.

[This problem appeared under the high patronage of Herr Kling; and Mr. Stanley "commends" it as "a stratagem of unusual ingenuity and beauty."]

BY J. C. ROLL.



at Q R sq, Q B 3, K R 5, Q 6, K Kt 6, Q 7th.



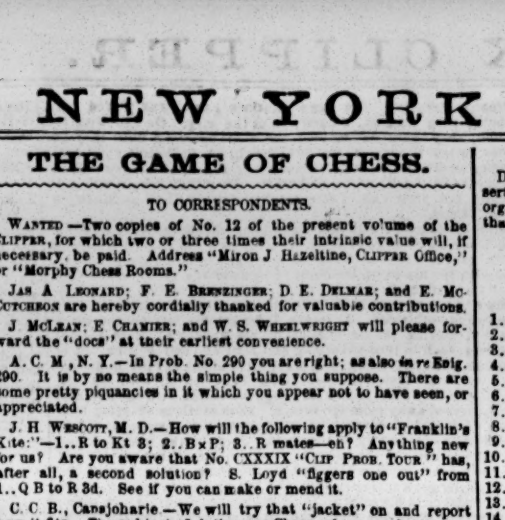
at his sq, Q sq, K R 5, K Kt 5, Q B sq.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 295.

BY GEO. H. DERRICKSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME NO. 295.

Recently contested between our contributor Jas. A. Leonard, and T. Loyd, Esq.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, J. A Leonard.	Defence, T. Loyd.	Attack, J. A. Leonard.	Defence, T. Loyd.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..Q Kt x Kt	Q x K B
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..Q R-Q sq	Q-K 4
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	19..Kt-K B 4	P-K B 3
4..P-Q Kt 4	B x Kt P	20..Kt-K Kt 6	Q-K sq
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	21..Q-R 8+	K-his B 2
6..P-Q B 4	K P x P	22..Q-K R 5	B P x B
7..Castles	K Kt-K 2	23..Kt x R dis+	K x Q Kt
8..B P x P	P-Q 4	24..Q R-Q 8 (a)	Q x Q R
9..K P x P	K Kt x P	25..Q-R 8+	K-his 2
10..K Kt-his 5	Castles	26..Q x Kt 1st P+	K-his 3
11..Kt x R P	K x K Kt	27..R-K sq+	K-his B 4
12..Q-K R 5+	K-Kt sq	28..Q-B 7+	K-Kt 5
13..K B x Kt	K B-Kt 3	29..Q-B 3+	K-his R 5
14..Q Kt-B 3	Kt x Q P	30..P-Kt 3+	K-his R 6
15..Q B-Kt 5	Q-her 3	31..Q-R 5, checkmate.	
16..Q-K R 4	Kt-K 7+		

(a) There is a touch of something masterly in the style in which the forces of the Defence are practically "counted out," though nominally on the board. We hope the King enjoyed his travels. From the 11th to the end, there is a pungency in the Attack's every move. We commend the game to the attention of our readers; it appears as an argument against "*Mead's Defence.*"

The fourth *partie* of the Kolisch-Anderssen Match.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Herr Anderssen.	Herr Kolisch.	Herr Anderssen.	Herr Kolisch.
1..P to K 3	P to K 3	16..Q B to Kt 2	K Kt-Q 2
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 4	17..Q Kt-Q 2	P-K 4
3..P-K 3	P-Q B 4	18..P-K Kt 3	P-Q 5 (b)
4..K B-Kt 5+	Q Kt-B 3	19..B P x K P	Kt x K 2d P
5..K B x Kt+	Kt P x B	20..K Kt x Kt	K B x Kt
6..P-Q B 4	Q B x R 3	21..Kt-K B 3	K B-his 3
7..Q Kt-R 3	K B-Q 3	22..K P x P	B P x P
8..Castles	Kt-K B 3	23..Q B x P	K B x B
9..P Q Kt 3	Castles	24..Kt x K B	P-Q B 4
10..Q B-Kt 2 (a)	K Kt-K sq	25..Q R x R	K R x R
11..Q-her B 2	P-K B 4	26..Kt x B P	B-Q Kt 2
12..Q R-K sq	Kt-K B 3	27..Q-K B 2 (c)	P-K R 3
13..Q Kt-home	Q-her R 4	28..P Q 4	B P x P
14..Q B-his 3	Q-her B 2	29..Q x Q P	R-K 7
15..P-Q 3	Q R-K sq	30..Kt x R P+	K-R 2, and

the Attack, with 31..R-K B 7th wins.

(a) The importance of this move in games of a close character is well exemplified in the present *partie*.

(b) The sacrifice of a P, or P's, was not judicious; but Herr K. seems to have grown impatient of defensive tactics, and determined at all risks to make an opening.

(c) Irresistible! If, in reply, the Defence play the move he calculated on (Q to her B 3d) the Attack wins at once by Kt to K 7th (ch).—*Staunton.*

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

A TREAT FOR OUR READERS.—Look out for the "Match Games of the CLIPPER." Next week we shall commence publishing the games played by correspondents through the columns of the CLIPPER, embracing the entire series. Many of these games contain very fine specimens of play. Owing to the length of time necessarily elapsing between the moves of the players, they were unraced by hundreds who will soon be enabled to examine their beauties aided by the analysis, and annotation of our valued correspondent "Nemo."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO, Princeton, N. J.—The "Match Games of the CLIPPER" are before us, and we sincerely thank you for your labor, not only for ourselves but also for the fraternity generally. You are entirely correct regarding the interest which the republication of these games will create. We shall commence placing them before our readers next week.

P. RICHARDSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.—Friend R., we published the "posish" according to copy, and without analysis, depending on your usual accuracy. We make the correction elsewhere. Try us again.

M., of Buffalo, N. Y.—Good for Buffalo! Your city must be built on a checker board, anyhow the game appears to be in fashion "around *thar*."

O. T. S., Williamsburgh, N. Y.—W. S. K., resigns.

LUMINARY OF THE WEST, Buffalo, N. Y.—Will please accept our thanks for "Maid of the Mill."

MIRON—will please accept our sincere thanks for his kind favor.

W. S. KNIGHT, N. Y.—All right. No trouble—don't mention it.

BUFFALO, Aug. 1861.

DRAUGHT ED.:—*Dear Sir:*—Below find a game, which please insert (if worthy of a place,) in the CLIPPER, the recognized Draught organ of the world, a paper having done more to advance the game than all others combined. Yours, &c., M., of Buffalo.

GAME No. 24.—VOL. IX.

WILL O' THE WHISP.

BY M., OF BUFFALO.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	15	23	19	26..28	32	11	8
2..9	13	22	18	27..32	28	8	3
3..15	22	25	18	28..28	32	3	8
4..5	9	29	25	29..32	28	8	11
5..10	14	27	23	30..28	32	11	15
6..8	11	25	22	31..32	28	15	18
7..4	8	19	15	32..28	32	18	23
8..7	10	32	27	33..32	28	31	27
9..10	19	24	15	34..28	32	27	24
10..2	7 (a)	28	24	35..32	28	24	20
11..12	16	24	19	36..28	32	20	16
12..7	10 (b)	19	12	37..32	28	16	11
13..10	19	23	7	38..28	32	11	8
14..3	10	12	3	39..32	28	8	3
15..14	32	3	8 (c)	40..28	32	23	18
16..32	28	8	11 (d)	41..32	27	3	8
17..28	24	26	23	42..27	32	8	11
18..1	5	21	17	43..32	27	11	16
19..24	28	23	18	44..27	32	19	24
20..28	24	11	16	45..32	28	16	19
21..24	28	16	19	46..28	32	24	28
22..28	32	30	25	47..32	27	28	32
23..32	28	25	21	48..27	31	19	16
24..28	32	18	15	49..31	26	18	15
25..32	28	15	11			White wins.	

Notes by M.

(a) Anderson, in his work, shows this as a lost move. Spayth, in his, shows it drawn, at page 202, var. 5, at 6th move. I believe it loses, and notice a Mr. Howard, of Lancaster, if I am not mistaken in the place, attempted to show it a losing move, but signally failed to do so.

(b) This move, Spayth claimed as a draw, while Anderson played 16 to 20, and lost. See both works for the play.

(c) Here I knock Spayth; he goes 31 to 27, only draws, while 3 to 8 wins. The Howard before mentioned, played 3 to 8, but gave Black a chance to draw. Drysdale published a draw for 3 to 8, and Mercer endorsed his play. If either of them can draw against my win, I would like to see their play.

(d) My original move, and the only win.

I hold to 3 to 8 as winning, until either Howard, Spayth, Drysdale, Mercer, or others, show me wrong.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 22.—VOL. IX.

BY C. M. W.

Reserved till next week *

* Place a black man on 7.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 43D POSITION.

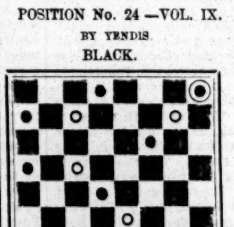
Position reserved till next week.

☞ Our readers will please read White to move, Black to win; instead of White to move and win, as stated last week.

POSITION No. 24.—VOL. IX. THE 43d POSITION OF STURGES

BY YENDIS.

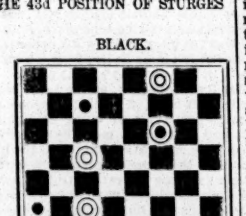
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

☞ Mr. Richardson informs us that the man on 15 should be a king, in the Position published in the CLIPPER a short time since. We very gladly make the correction. See remarks to Mr. R. this week.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
7..7	10	22	17
8..4	8	27	23
9..2	7	23	16
10..11	20	26	23

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
5..12	16	25	22
6..10	15	21	17
7..8	12	27	24

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S		White.—W. S. K.	
13..20	27	32	23
14..9	13	23	18
15..6	10	15	6
16..1	10		

W. S. K. resigns.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.

BORN in England; made her first appearance on any stage July 5th, 1839, at Bochsa's dramatic concert at the Italian Opera House, London, and her success was unquestionable, although Grisi, Persiani, Pauline Vardot, and Garcia were included in the programme. In the autumn of that year she left for the continent. She visited Copenhagen, Stockholm, and the Swedish Provinces, in 1839-40, arriving in the spring of the latter year at St. Petersburgh. After giving dramatic concerts in the principal Russian towns, her expedition was extended to the capital of Tartary in 1840. In 1841, she was in Moldavia, and reached Vienna in 1842 where she sang twice at Court, and at a concert given by the English Ambassador. The whole of this year she passed in concert-singing in every part of Germany; and in 1843 her career began in Italy by giving concerts in costume at the various towns. It was at the desire of the King of Naples, that she was engaged for the San Carlo, at Naples, succeeding Tadolini in the principal part in Pacini's popular opera of La Fidanzata Corsa. Her success must have been very great, since she was able to maintain her position as *prima donna assoluta di cartello* for upwards of two years.

Her engagements at Naples closed in September, 1845, when she sang with the celebrated Ronconi, in Beatrice di Tenda. Madame Bishop afterwards made her *debut* at the Scala, in Milan, but this was a disastrous affair, as she, in conjunction with other great vocalists, and the most eminent *danseuses*, was made the victim of the public anger against Mercelli, the unpopular director. Madame Bishop, in Nov., 1845, sang at Palermo, and in 1846 in Switzerland, on the Rhine, and in Belgium, on her way to London, where she was engaged by Mr. Bunn. We thus find that for the space of six years she was looked upon as a concert or stage star in Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Tartary, Moldavia, Austria, Hungary, Bavaria, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium.

She made her first appearance in America in New York, in November, 1847; first appeared in Philadelphia in opera, at the Walnut street theatre, November 22d, 1847, as Norma. On the 30th of April, 1855 her husband, Sir Henry Bishop, died. On the 20th of December, 1858, she was married in London to Martin Schultz, a wealthy German merchant of New York, who, it is said, followed her from this country upon her entire South American, Californian, Australian, and European tour, until his devotion was at last rewarded by her hand. She has been singing in opera, and at concerts, throughout the United States, for the past two years, and at last accounts was giving concerts in the British Provinces of North America.

The peculiar and distinguishing traits of Madame Bishop's performances are her unapproachable execution of the most difficult music, the purity of her style, and the thrilling power and completeness with which she embodies and expresses the sentiment of her part. She sings in ten languages. Only think of it—a woman mistress of ten languages, and all of them delightful to listen to—breathing nothing but music.

THOMAS A'BECKET,

Born March 17th, 1808, in the town of Chatham, county of Kent, England. He was liberally educated, and at the age of sixteen entered the Royal Navy on board H. B. M. Frigate "Blanche;" but seeing little chance of promotion, having no interest with the Admiralty or Navy Board, he left the service, and returned to his native place, where he commenced teaching school. During his six years service in the Navy he received a wound, which entitled him to a pension. During this period—about five years—Mr A'Becket devoted his leisure hours to the study of music, for which he had a great natural taste, and in 1834 removed to London for the purpose of studying under more competent masters.

On the 4th of May, 1837, he bade farewell to his native land for the United States. He arrived at New York, June 12th, 1837. In New York, Mr. A'Becket gave lessons on the flute, pianoforte, and thorough bass, but finding that the business did not pay, he took the situation of composer and flute-player to the Franklin Theatre, then under the management of Mr. W. Sefton. On the 10th of April, 1838 he joined Messrs. Abbots and Nathan's Opera Company, in Buffalo, and made his *debut* as Dandini, in the opera of "Cinderella." With this company Mr. A'Becket remained three years. His next engagement was with W. E. Burton, at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, in September, 1840. Subsequently, he fulfilled stock engagements with Messrs. Pratt & Dinsmore, of the Chestnut, Philadelphia; Lambert & Co., Richmond, Va.; and on the 22d of May 1844, was engaged to play the principal "Old Men" to Mr. Macready, in Montreal, (Canada.) July 18th, 1844, he was engaged by Mr. E. A. Marshall, of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, which situation he held for many years.

As a musical composer, Mr. A'Becket has attained an enviable reputation. His best compositions are "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Farewell to the Scenes of my Childhood," "He died upon the Battle Field," "Adieu Sweet Maid," "Memory," &c., &c. Both the words and music of the majority of these compositions are by Mr. A'Becket, and they are all very popular. Within the last few years Mr. A'Becket has found it difficult to obtain a situation in any of our theatres, and he has in consequence taken to "burnt cork," and is now a member of S. S. Sanford's Minstrels, in Philadelphia.

MRS. JULIA BENNETT BARROW.

THE daughter of Wm. Bennett, Esq., the secretary of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, a man universally esteemed in the profession. She was born in London, February 6th, 1824, and having early evinced a great partiality for the stage, was allowed at the early age of 15 to make her first essay in the part of Widow Cheerly, in the "Soldier's Daughter," at Southampton. Her future success was at once foreseen, and she was immediately engaged by the late Mr. Hammond for the Liverpool and Manchester theatres. Speedily becoming in those places a great favorite, the fame of her beauty and rising talent reached the ears of Mr. Benj. Webster, manager of the Haymarket Theatre, London, who went speedily to see her perform, and enlisted her as a member of his company for three years.

Previous to fulfilling her engagement with him, however, she played a round of leading comedy parts in Dublin. Her first appearance at the Haymarket took place in April, 1843, as Widow Cheerly, and her success was unequivocal. After a time she divided the comedy business of the theatre with Madame Vestris, and also acquired for herself a great celebrity in her performance in Planché's ever admirable burlesques.

She had now gained the position of leading actress in Comedy in the theatre, which position she maintained with great success, carrying away the suffrages and applause of the public.

In September, 1848, she married Mr. Barrow, a gentleman to whom she had long been attached, refusing many brilliant offers which her spotless reputation, great beauty and talents had induced both wealthy and titled to make her. In the following spring she for a while retired from the stage. Offers of engagements in this country induced her to step once more from retirement, and come to the United States, making her first appearance, February 24th, 1851, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as Lady Teazle, and received a most gratifying welcome from a crowded house. Her success was unequivocal from her first entrance upon the stage.

Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, Monday, March 8th, 1851, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Constance, in "Love Chase." In 1852, she was leading actress of Brougham's Lyceum, New York. On the 1st of March, she became manageress of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, where she became a great favorite.

Mrs. Barrow is a blonde of considerable beauty; she is a most accomplished woman, and has gained for herself a social position which is only attained by exemplary conduct, added to brilliant talents.

MD'LLE ELENA D'ANGRI,

Born at Corfu May 14th, 1824. Reverse in fortune of her father induced Md'lle to cultivate her musical talents, which were recognised by an uncle, a great amateur, who took his niece from Corfu to Naples, for first-rate instruction. Maestra Taglioni, in that capital, was her master for a year; and then the uncle and niece removed to Florence, where she had lessons of Maestro Doglia for nineteen months. She was scarcely eighteen years of age when the well known *empressario* Linall, struck with the beauty of her voice and her astonishing execution, engaged her for the Opera house at Lucca, where the young and energetic D'Angri soon became a formidable rival of Frezzolini, then in her glory in Italy.

From Lucca she went to the Scala, at Milan, where for three years she was the admiration and delight of the Milanese and Austrian *dilettanti*. From Milan to Vienna was her next trip. She was named by the Emperor first cantatrice to the Court. Her succeeding engagement was at St. Petersburgh, where she was so prized that her stay would have been protracted for a lengthened period, but for an attack of the cholera, from which she had a very narrow escape of her life. In 1849 she was engaged for the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, as the successor of Alboni. In the season of 1849-50, she was the *prima donna* of the Italian Opera House, in Paris, under Sig. Ronconi's direction.

Made her first appearance on the American Stage in November, 1856, at Thalberg's Concerts, Nibio's Garden, New York.

Md'lle D'Angri's style is entirely dramatic: she is thoroughly in earnest on the stage. It is quite marvellous with what ease she can conquer the most difficult divisions in bravura passages; and when she has a passionate sentiment to deliver in the lower portion of the register, she never fails to command the sympathies of her auditory.

SIGNORA MARIETTA ALBONI,

Born at Citta di Castello, in Romagna, March 10th, 1826. Her father was a Captain in the Papal Army. From her earliest infancy she evinced a passionate fondness for music, and was gifted with a voice which gave the fairest promise of vocal perfection in riper years. In her sixth year she was taken for the first time to the opera; and it is said that her repetition of the principal airs she had heard during the evening was such as to astonish all who heard her. Her parents did all in their power to prevent her making her *debut* in Opera. She was not allowed to visit the opera; her musical studies were discontinued; and everything was done to subdue her vocal tendencies—but all was in vain.

At a critical examination, at which several eminent musical judges were present, it was, however, finally decided, "that such wonderful musical powers as she possessed should not on any account be suffered to lie dormant, but on the contrary they should be developed to the greatest possible extent. Bagioli, the eminent teacher, was sought for, and she remained under his instructions for two years. In her 13th year she was transferred to Rossini, in the Conservatory of Music, of Bologne, and so much struck was he at the marked genius for musical art which she manifested, that he at once selected her as his favorite pupil or *protege*, and devoted much extra time to her tuition. In her fifteenth year she was engaged, through her teacher's influence, at the theatre at Bologne, making her *debut* in Pacini's opera of "Sappho." An engagement at Milan, in the following year, followed this. Here her European reputation was established, and that *furore* began which may have been equalled, but certainly not surpassed, with the exception of Sontag, and Jenny Lind. In 1850, she undertook a starring tour through the French Provinces. She married Count Peppoli, a Venitian, and son of the eminent poet of that name, and never was, as has been falsely reported, at one time *cuisinier en chef*, or head cook to this lady.

Made her first appearance in America, at Metropolitan Hall, New York, June 23d, 1852; first appeared in Philadelphia, September 27th, 1852, at Musical Fund Hall; made her *d-but* in Opera in America, December 27th, 1852, at Broadway Theatre, New York, in "Cenerentola;" first appeared in Opera in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1853, at Walnut Street Theatre, as Marie, in "La Figlio del Reggimento."

Returned to Europe June 1st, 1853. Alboni's voice flows out of her mouth without the slightest apparent effort. It is a contralto, of wonderful compass, embracing, with perfect ease, the extreme upper and lower notes, and is managed with a skill and grace only surpassed by its rich melody and power.

IRA ALDRIDGE—"THE AFRICAN ROSCIUS."

Mr. Aldridge is an undoubted negro, but is gifted with an intelligence of perception, dignity of action, and force of expression that not only do honor to his particular race, but to humanity. He was originally intended for the church, but having no taste for that profession, he turned his attention to the stage, and made his *debut* in New York, in the character of "Rolla," and was loudly applauded. He then went to Scotland, and had the good fortune to achieve honors at the Glasgow University. He then went to London, and made his *debut* at Covent Garden, as "Othello," "Gambia," "Zanga," and other characters suited to his complexion, and rose so rapidly, that in every town of note on the Continent, his merits were really and substantially appreciated.

Mr. Aldridge was engaged at Sadler's Well's Theatre, London, where he performed several leading characters, and then left for the Olympic. At the termination of this engagement he withdrew from the stage, and went through a course of studies which he deemed essential for a sound metropolitan reputation.

He then entered on a provincial tour, and acted in succession at Brighton, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, &c. In each town his reception was enthusiastic in the extreme. He received an engagement from Mr. Calcraft to perform in Dublin, and during his engagement the press spoke in the highest terms of him as an actor. During this period Edmund Kean arrived in Dublin, and (having seen Mr. Aldridge play) gave him a letter of introduction to the manager of the Bath theatre, couched in very complimentary terms. At Belfast Mr. Charles Kean played *Iago* to his *Othello*. Among the testimonials which he received from distinguished members of the profession, was one from Sheridan Knowles. While performing at Manchester, in 1834, he received a highly complimentary note from Mad. Malibran, who stated that never in the course of her professional career had she witnessed a more interesting and powerful performance.

As both a tragic and a comic actor, Mr. A.'s talents are undeniably great. In tragedy he has a solemn intensity of style, bursting occasionally into a blaze of fierce invective or passionate declamation. In farce he is exceedingly amusing. His face is the faithful index of his mind.

[Next week W. A. Chapman, Sam Cowell, H. J. Finn, Thomas S. Hamblin, and A. H. Davenport.]

RAVENSWOOD BASE BALL CLUB.—This junior club has organized under the following officership: C. N. Beebee, President; H. Smith, Secretary; E. Moore, Treasurer; D. S. Sanford, Captain. Any junior club desiring to challenge will address Box 1688, New York post office.

HENRY ECKFORD AND EMPIRE.—The return game between these New York clubs will take place on Thursday, Sept. 26th, at Elysian Fields, Hoboken. Game called at 1 o'clock.

HENRY ECKFORD AND UNION.—The first of a home and home mate match between the Henry Eckford and Union, of Morrisania, first nines, will take place on the Union's ground, Morrisania, Oct 1st. Game called at 1 o'clock.

BALL PLAY.

CKFORD OF BROOKLYN VS EUREKA OF NEWARK.—The first match ween these first class clubs of the above localities, took place on grounds of the latter, at Newark, on Friday, Sept. 13th, in the sence of the largest and most respectable assemblage of spec- ors ever seen at a base ball match there. The result, after an ceedingly close and interesting contest was in favor of the Eck ds, by a score of 11 to 9. This game was a well played one on th sides, particularly in fielding. On the part of the Eckford, play of Beach as catcher was admirable, and Grum's pitching, s equally good; Reach's fielding at 1st base was the best the kiords have shown this season in that position; Woods at 2nd se played efficiently, and the out field was well attended to by nolt, Snyder, and Brown. Geo. Grum made a good play in put g out a player at 3d base. In batting, Woods and Josh Snyder k the lead, both reaching their 3d bases from good hits in the and 8th innings. Beach and Manolt also batted well. On the rt of the Eurekas the catching of Brintnal, and the pitching of en was first class. Northrup's play at 1st base and Pennington's 2nd, was also capital; Th mas at short field, made two good uble plays, and otherwise played creditably. The outer field s well attended to by its several occupants. In batting, Penning- n, Linen, Northrup and Thomas, all did well, although North- was not fortunate enough to score a run, being run out, at d, and also at 3d bases, after making his 1st base by good hits. intnal batted well, and ran his bases with judgement. Not one me run was scored on either side, the batting being confined to w balls, it not being safe to hit the balls high into the field. P. Brien acted as Umpire and discharged the onerous duties of the sition in his usual upright and impartial manner. The contest- ts at the close of the proceedings immediately adjourned to the b rooms, from where, after the Eckfords had doffed their uni- ms, they proceeded to the *depot* to take the train for New York, tisfied with the victory they had so ably achieved. Messrs. Van- uten and Poole had charge of the ground on the occasion, and y discharged their duties, preserving excellent order. We ap- d the full score:—

BATTING.

EUREKA.	H	L.	RUNS.	ECKFORD.	H	L.	RUNS.
AMES.				NAMES			
nnington, 2d b	3		1	Manoit, 1 f	3		2
en, p	2		2	Beach, c	2		2
tlewood, c f	4		0	Woods 2d b	1		3
laway, r f	4		1	John Snyder, c f	4		1
rthrup 1st b	5		0	Josh Snyder, s s	2		1
ntnall, c	1		3	Brown r f	5		0
np, 3d b	3		1	Reach, 1st b	4		1
ver, l f	3		0	G Grum, 3d b	3		0
omas, s s	2		1	J Grum, p	3		1
Total	9			Total			11

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

eka	0	2	1	0	0	1	3	1	1–9
kford	3	3	0	0	0	1	0	3	1–11

FIELDING.

	Fly	*B'd*	*Base*	*Total*		*Fly*	*B'd*	*Base*	*Total*
nnington	2	0	1	3	Mano't	1	0	0	1
en	3	1	1	5	Beach	2	5	0	7
llewood	0	1	0	1	Woods	1	0	1	2
laway	1	1	0	2	John Snyder	1	3	0	4
rthrup	1	0	6	7	Josh Snyder	0	1	0	1
ntnall	1	4	0	5	Brown	0	1	0	1
np	0	0	6	6	Reach	0	0	6	6
ver	0	0	0	0	G Grum	0	0	1	1
omas	2	0	0	2	J Grum	0	2	0	2
Total	9	7	9	25	Total	5	12	8	25

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	*B'd*	*Base* 1st	2d	3d	*Foul*		*Fly*	*B'd*	*Base* 1st	2d	3d	*Foul*
nnington	1	0	1	0	0	1	Manolt	0	1	0	1	0	1
en	0	0	0	0	0	1	Beach	0	1	1	0	0	0
tlewood	1	1	0	0	0	2	Woods	0	0	0	0	0	0
laway	0	1	2	0	0	1	John Snyder	3	0	0	0	0	0
rthrup	1	0	0	1	1	1	Josh Snyder	0	0	2	0	0	0
ntnall	0	0	1	0	0	0	Brown	2	0	2	0	0	1
np	1	1	1	0	0	0	Reach	1	0	1	0	0	2
ver	0	3	0	0	0	0	G Grum	1	1	0	0	0	1
omas	0	1	1	0	0	0	J Grum	1	0	1	0	0	0
Total	4	7	6	1	1	6	Total	8	3	7	1	0	5

Passed balls on which bases were run—Beach, 6; Brintnall, 7.
Catches missed on the fly—Manolt, 1; Josh Snyder, 1; Camp, 1.
Catches missed on the bound—Beach, 2; Josh Snyder, 1; Brown, Thomas, 1; Camp, 1.
Struck out—Linen, 1.
Put out at home base—Snyder, by Brintnall.
Run out between bases—Grum and Woods, by Thomas; Northrup, Woods.
Times left on third base—Littlewood, 1; Brintnall, 1; Thomas, 1; Josh Snyder, 1; G. Grum, 1.
Time of Game—One hour and fifty-five minutes.
Umpire—Mr. P. O'Brien, of the Atlantic club.
Scorers—for the Eureka club, Mr. Dawson; for the Eckford club, J. McAuslan.

ATLANTIC VS EXERCISE.—These clubs played their return game on Saturday, Sept. 14th, the result being another victory for the Atlantics, their fourth this season. Neither party in this match appeared on the ground in their full strength, both drawing on their innings for substitutes. Consequently the game was not marked with that skilful play that both ever display when fully represented. In the part of the Atlantics, Pearce, Smith and Joe Oliver were very active and efficient in their respective positions, and P. O'Brien did service in the capacity of pitcher, Peter being an available man for any position. Colyer made his debut on this occasion as a first nine player, and creditably acquitted himself in his position at 3d base. He is a good steady player, active in the field, and effective at the bat. McMahon played well as short stop, making his first appearance in a match this season; and the brothers Seinsoth attended to their duties creditably. Boughton also fielded well, but was unfortunate in batting. Of the Exercise nine, Massey was the most efficient player. Hough was sadly out of condition, and had to resign his position in the 5th innings, Hardy taking his place. Up to this time the Exercise had gone out each innings without a single run, but Hardy changed the programme, beginning by marking the 5th innings with a score of 5. Tomes made two fine catches on the fly at centre field, and Galvin and Simonson made several good plays at 1st base. Sprague pitched exceedingly well, and the others did well in some instances, but the whole nine lacked spirit and "vim" in their general play. In fact, the match was played as if it was a practice game, and the crowd were allowed to encroach on the players just the same as on those occasions. The Atlantics have been very remiss in this respect this season. Last year their arrangements on match days were excellent. At the close of the proceedings, the parties adjourned to Wild's Hotel, where a bountiful collation was done ample justice to, and speeches and songs became the order of the evening. We give the score in full:—

BATTING.

ATLANTIC.	H	L.	RUNS	EXERCISE.	H	L.	RUNS
NAMES.				NAMES.			
earce, c	4		4	Simonson, 2 f b	3		2
O'Brien, p	2		5	Massey, s s	2		3
mith, 2d b	1		6	Myers, r f	3		3
Seinsoth, r f	3		4	Hough, c	3		1
cMahon, s s	3		3	Deane, l f	4		2
Seinsoth, 1st b	4		3	Sprague, p	1		2
iver, l f	1		6	Galvin, 1st b	3		1
olyer, 3d b	2		5	Bergen, 3d b	4		0
oughton, c f	7		0	Tomes, c f	4		0
Total	36			Total			14

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	7	3	2	7	2	6	2	6	1	36
Exercise	0	0	0	0	5	2	0	6	1	14

FIELDING.

	Fly	*B'nd*	*Bases*	*Total*		*Fly*	*B'nd*	*Bases*	*Total*
earce	0	4	1	5	Simonson	2	1	1	4
O'Brien	2	2	0	4	Massey	1	4	1	6
mith	3	0	1	4	Myers	1	1	0	2
Seinsoth	0	1	0	1	Hough	0	0	0	0
cMahon	1	2	0	3	Deane	0	1	0	1
Seinsoth	0	0	1	1	Sprague	1	0	0	1
iver	1	1	0	2	Galvin	1	0	7	8
olyer	2	1	1	4	Bergen	0	0	0	0
oughton	0	2	0	2	Tomes	2	1	0	3
Total	9	13	4	26	Total	8	8	9	25

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	*B'd*	*Base* 1st	2d	3d	*Foul*		*Fly*	*B'd*	*Base* 1st	2d	3d	*Foul*
earce	1	1	2	0	0	0	Simonson	0	3	0	0	0	0
O'Brien	0	1	0	0	0	0	Massey	2	0	0	0	0	0
mith	0	0	1	0	0	0	Myers	2	1	0	0	0	0
Seinsoth	0	2	1	0	0	0	Hough	0	1	1	0	0	0
cMahon	1	1	0	0	0	1	Deane	0	2	0	1	1	0
Seinsoth	3	0	1	0	0	0	Sprague	0	0	0	0	0	1
iver	0	1	0	0	0	0	Galvin	1	1	0	0	0	1
olyer	0	0	0	0	0	1	Bergen	2	0	0	0	0	2
oughton	2	0	2	1	0	1	Tomes	0	2	0	1	0	1
Total	7	6	7	1	0	3	Total	7	10	1	2	1	5

Passed balls on which bases were run—Pearce, 4; Smith, 1; Simonson, 3; Massey, 10.
Home runs—Colyer, 1; Oliver, 1.
Struck out—Boughton, 1; Hough, 1; Colyer, 1.
Put out at home base—P. O'Brien by Massey.
Catches missed on the fly—Smith, 2; Colyer, 1; Oliver, 1; Myers, 1; Hough, 2; Bergen, 1; Tomes, 1.
Catches missed on the bound—G. Seinsoth, 1; Hough, 1; Massey, 2; Myers, 1.
Time of the game—three hours.
Umpire—S. Davenport, of the Hamilton Club.
Scorers—for Atlantic, G. W. Moore; for Exercise, W. H. Noe.

RESOLUTE VS NIAGARA.—The return game between these leading Junior clubs was played on the grounds of the latter club on 5th Avenue, Brooklyn, on Saturday, Sept. 14th, the result being a victory for the Niagaras, by a score of 21 to 19. The game was closely contested, and a well played one on both sides. On the part of the Niagaras, the fielding of Forker, Hicks, Weldon on the bases, Weeks as catcher, and Ranson as pitcher, was very good, and in batting, Forker, Hicks, and Weeks took the lead. On the part of the Resolutes, we have to notice the good play of Taylor as catcher, A. Rogers at short field, M. Rogers and Allen on 2nd and 3d bases, and of Cowperthwait, Creagh and Canfield in the outer field. Barto also played well as pitcher. In batting, Taylor took the lead, Cowperthwait, Creagh, and M. Rogers following suit. M. Rogers and Weeks scored home runs for their respective clubs. The 8th innings was played, the Niagaras being put out for nothing, and the Resolutes scoring 3 runs, giving them the lead, but before the innings could be played out it became too dark to see the ball, and the game was called, the result being decided by the score of the 7th innings. It was too dark after the 1st of the 8th innings was played, but the Umpire thought not. The batting score is appended:—

BATTING.

NIAGARA.	H	L.	RUNS.	RESOLUTE.	H	L.	RUNS.
NAMES				NAMES			
Forker, 2d b	2		3	Cowperthwaite, c f	1		4
Hicks, 1st b	1		4	Beard, 1st b	3		2
Williams, s s	3		1	H Rogers, s s	4		1
Ransom, p	2		2	Barto, p	3		2
Haynes, r f	4		1	Creagh, l f	1		3
Weiden, l f	2		3	M Rogers, 2d b	2		2
Weeks, c	1		4	Allen, 3d b	4		0
McCormick, c f	4		1	Taylor, c	0		4
Rogers, 3d b	2		2	Canfield, r f	3		1
Total	21			Total			19

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Niagara	2	2	0	4	1	5	7	0	0	—21
Resolute	2	1	4	2	5	2	3	0	0	—19

Umpire—A. B. Bergen, of the Powhatan Club.
Scorers—for Niagara, Mr. Lewis; for Resolute, Mr. Phillips.

CONSTELLATION VS. JUNIATA.—A match was played on Saturday, 14th inst., between the Constellation, of Brooklyn, E. D., and the Juniata, of Hoboken, which resulted in a victory for the Constellation. Below is the score:—

BATTING.

CONSTELLATION.	H	L.	RUNS.	JUNIATA.	H	L.	RUNS.
NAMES.				NAMES.			
Thomas, l f	4		4	Van Antwerp, c	2		1
N Smith, 2d b	3		6	Burrell, 2d b	4		0
Moore, s s	2		7	Brady, p	2		2
Sutton, p	4		5	Speckels, c f	1		2
Moger, 3d b	2		6	Rowe, s s	3		0
Phillips, 1st b	3		5	Houghton, 3d b	4		0
Lockwood, c	4		4	Wansell, r f	4		0
Carpenter, r f	4		4	Hart, l f	4		0
				Syms, 1st b	3		1
Total	41			Total			6

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Constellation	1	5	1	4	0	9	9	5	7	—41
Juniata	1	0	0	2	0	2	1	0	0	— 6

DEFERRED ENGLISH SPORTING ITEMS.

AQUATICS.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—The race for the Wingfield silver sculls coupled with the above honors came off on Saturday, Aug. 24. For the last few years the prowess of the late Mr. Casamajor, who won the sculls in 1855, was undoubtedly the direct cause of his possession remaining undisputed; but though the race may again become annual, the time of year at which it is rowed, and the establishment of the Diamond Sculls at Henley will forever prevent its being regarded in the same light as formerly. Henley first undermined its constitution, and the doubtful nature of some of the races rowed had nearly completed its fall. The present race was rowed over the shortened course from Putney to Mortlake, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators ashore, besides which the twelve and eights of the London Rowing Club, with boats manned by other clubs, accompanied it. The competitors came in as under:—

3 E D Brickwood, London Rowing Club	1
1 W Patterson, London Rowing Club	0
2 A O Lloyd, Leander club	0

Mr. Herbert Playford was the umpire, in the place of the late Mr. Casamajor. They all started wide, and as the wind was blowing strongly from the N. W. by W., Mr. Patterson's position was not one to be desired, as there was a perfect sea on at the Aqueduct. Mr Lloyd's place in the centre was pretty tolerable, and Mr. Brickwood on the Middlesex side was so sheltered, compared with the others, that this, no doubt, tended in a great measure to make him win so easily. The competitors drifted to opposite Henry Kelly's before they started, and when the word "off" was given by Mr. E. Searle, Mr. Patterson was away first, followed by Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Brickwood making an indifferent start, consequent upon his encountering a considerable amount of surf at the moment. He had not rowed above 200 yards, however, when he went by Lloyd inside, in splendid style. Mr. Patterson's good start still made him ahead, but he had not gone much farther when, endeavoring to get in shore, he found the waves, so to speak, too strong for him, and had to stop several times to prevent his sculls being washed from his hands; while laboring in this manner about opposite Simmonds' Mr. Brickwood, evidently encountering much less surf, went by him, and shortly after they had passed the London Boat House Mr. Lloyd rowed into second place. Mr. Patterson kept the centre of the river, seemingly unable to pull in shore, and at Craven Mr. Brickwood was leading Lloyd by about three lengths, Mr. Patterson a length behind Lloyd; a fine race going on between these two, although, being wide, it was not so apparent as if they had been closer. Mr. Lloyd still remained second, until they approached Hammersmith Bridge, where they were found to be close together, and passed under nearly level; Mr. Patterson, however, was evidently tiring him out, and at the lower end of Chiswick Eyott rowed him down. Mr. Brickwood was now nearly 200 yards in front, and Mr. Patterson, although nearly exhausted, put on several fine spurts, in the hope of passing him yet. The surf in Corney Reach, however, effectually prevented him making much progress, and he was still as far behind at Barnes. Becoming smoother here he renewed his exertions, and ere their arrival at Mortlake he had considerably decreased the gap, but never came near Mr. Brickwood, who won by 150 yards, doing the distance in 29min. 52sec., a time which satisfactorily shows the rough state of the water. His boat was one of Biffen's. The old prize, and a new presentation one of very pretty design, to be worn inside the coat, were duly presented to the winner, by Mr. Frank Playford, with all due encomiums upon the manner in which it had been won.

SWIMMING.—The annual swimming races at the Serpentine came off on Wednesday morning, Aug. 28, before an immense concourse of spectators. The entries for the races were very numerous and well contested. After the races Professor Beckwith performed some wonderful feats in the water, concluding with swimming across with his hands and legs tied. He then introduced his three children, aged seven, five, and three, and they performed some extraordinary feats in the water, for children. Mr. Shote, a member of the Leander Swimming Club, then dived off the bridge with a suit of clothes on, and swam some distance up the centre. Messrs. Stevenson and Humphries created a great deal of amusement by swimming across attired in suits of clothes, Mr. Humphries as a female with parasol, &c., Mr. Stevenson smoking his pipe. These races, which were commenced in 1859, by Professor Beckwith, have greatly improved swimmers, and too much praise cannot be given to the Professor for his energy and perseverance. In the evening a swimming entertainment took place at the St. George's Baths, Pimlico, for the benefit of Wallace Ramage, Swimming master to the establishment. The races were very well contested, and the proceedings passed off very well before a numerous audience.

PEDESTRIANISM.

JACKSON, THE AMERICAN DEER, VS DEERFOOT.—The former Pedestrian, who flourished in America some years ago, comes out in a card, we observe by recent English advices, pointed with some asperity, to Deerfoot, the Indian runner, who has just gone to try his fortunes in that land, and where he is already matched against one or two of the leading "peds." Here is the document:—

To the Editor of the Sporting Life.—SIR:—In reply to John Macdonald's letter, I beg to acquaint him, that as Deerfoot has forgotten the distance Buffalo is from Cattaraugus, it is not to be wondered at that he should forget the race which occurred in 1849, in which I defeated in one race twenty-one Indians, picked from the different tribes in Buffalo city, (which can be verified) when Deerfoot was too young to think of running, and my only reason for not mentioning my defeating the notorious Tonawanda, was simply from a disinclination to identify the present red-skinned aspirant for pedestrian fame with anything like "gag," of which all his present matches savor so strongly; but, to end all talk, I will run this so-called Indian four miles, for £25 a side, according to his challenge, in six weeks from the first deposit, at the West London Cricket Ground, when I trust he will cut a better figure than the sorry one Black Hawk, the Tonawanda, did, or the Spaniard Genaro, neither of whom could run fast enough to tire themselves. I think it is due to me that Deerfoot should run me the return match here, as I ran so many Indians in America, and have defeated the best men of all nations, at all lengths, during the protracted career of twenty-five years that I have been before the public, and which I hope is not yet ended. W. JACKSON,
August 29. the American Deer.

WRESTLING.

WOLSTENHOLME AND SIDLEY.—The man first named is S. Wolstenholme of Clifton, and his opponent was S. Sidley of Failsworth. The "bone of contention" was for £25 a side, for which they wrestled near Manchester on the 24th ult., two back falls out of three, Lancashire fashion, each man scaling under 6 score 14lb weight. The betting at start was 2 and 3 to 1 on Wolstenholme, who was attended by W. Schora, the champion, and J. Cross, respectively of Ashton, and J. Clough, alias Robin, assisted by W. Timmis, waited upon Sidley. J. Taylor, referee. Shortly after four o'clock the contest was commenced, but it requires only a very brief description, as the favorite soon furnished ample proof that, in this athletic exercise, he was decidedly Sidley's superior. Though the first bout was continued for 24min 30sec, it ended in favor of Wolstenholme—in fact, the result of the match was never in doubt—and the second round was also gained by him at the expiration of a quarter of an hour. The result was by no means surprising, as Wolstenholme is a fine stalwart man, whilst, comparatively speaking, Sidley is a mere stripling.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FORTY-FIVE.

A BIG BATTLE.

MANLY AND SCIENTIFIC CONTEST

BETWEEN

Peter Crawley and Jem Ward.

After a year or two spent in chaffing, between the backers of Ward and the friends of Crawley, respecting a battle, a match was made between them, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the 17th of October, 1826, for £100 a side. The fight to take place on Tuesday, January 2, 1827. The friends of Ward were so confident of his success, that without hesitation they commenced betting at six and seven to four; and above two to one was sported freely before the event came off.

The above great match was decided on Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1827, on Royston Heath, Cambridgeshire, within half a mile of the town of Royston; but, owing to some misunderstanding between the gentleman who had to appoint the place, and Bill Gibbons, several persons, nay, some hundreds, were completely "thrown out," and did not see the fight, after all their exertions to reach the scene of action. The gentleman alluded to named Haydon Grange, in the county of Essex, where a good ring was formed by Oliver, Cannon, and others belonging to the milling tribe; but Gibbons having pitched the stakes belonging to the P. C. at Royston, thither the crowd scampered in the utmost confusion; and lots, with all their "puffing and blowing," were distanced. On the evening previous to the battle, Ward took up his quarters at the Red Lion, in Royston; and Crawley at a "tiny house," by the roadside, at Reed's Mill Hill, three miles from Royston. Those lads who wished to make the thing certain toddled off on Monday night, and smoked a comfortable segar at Wade's Mill, Puckeridge, Barley, Royston, &c. On the morning of fighting, the road exhibited a good sprinkling of swells; but several post chaises, and other vehicles, were dished, and left behind, in consequence of their proprietors relying upon obtaining a change of horses at the above places. It is impossible to describe the disappointment expressed by numerous persons whose clies were full of blunt and compelled to finish the day at Ware, and Wade's Mill; who could not proceed a step farther for want of prads.

A little before one o'clock, Ward, followed by Josh. Hudson and Reuben Martin, (who was substituted for Oliver, Tom being left at the other ring,) threw his upper crust into the ring; and Peter soon afterwards, attended upon by Tom Belcher and Harry Harmer, hoisted his pimple-coverer as the token of defiance. Ward and Crawley shook hands together extremely good-natured; and then prepared to peel. The colors—canary for Crawley, and a blue bird's eye for Ward—were tied to the stakes. Peter almost weighed thirteen stone; and Jem twelve stone seven pounds. Ward, and nothing else, was the offer for betting; and eleven to five posted without hesitation. Tom Belcher won the toss for Crawley, and the battle commenced without delay:—

Round 1. Ward looked as fine as a star, and Crawley was equally tip-top in condition. The attitudes of the men were excellent; every peeper was on the stretch, and the amateurs highly delighted with the scene before them. The combatants kept a good lookout for the first advantage: both were equally guarded, and the commencement of the attack was no easy task to either of them. Sparring with caution, anxiously watching each other's movements, when Crawley endeavored to make a hit with his left hand, but the gay Black Diamond said it was no go, and stopped it in style. ["Bravo! Excellent! Well done, Jem!"] Crawley was not disconcerted, made play, and after some trifling exchanges, Young Rumpsteak tried again to turn his left hand to good account, but Jem, leary as an Old Bailey Big Wig, countered his opponent, and planted a blow under the right sparkler of Crawley, that gave his pins a holiday for a short time, and he went down as quickly as if a nine-pounder out of Woolwich Warren had *back-ed* him on the grass, the claret running out of his ogle. Picture to yourself, my masters, the delight of all the 6 to 4, the 7 to 4, and the 2 to 1 coves—whooping, hallooing, jumping—nay, quite frantic with joy; and "Jem's the boy to win for a thousand." "Pshaw," observed a Middle Blade, a half-and-half chap—that is to say, between an East-end Rum One and a slap up, high-bred, West-end Corinthian, "Why, it's the *Blunt Magazine* to a ragged one pound flimsey of a stopped house!" The two events were decided in favor of Ward—first blood and first knock-down blow.

2. Peter came up more gay than was anticipated by his opponents, and lost no time in showing fight. The Black Diamond was awake, and he stopped the right hand of Crawley cleverly. Ward made play right and left without execution. Both on the lookout for a turn; Ward, in style, tried to go to work, but Peter, too, proved himself a workman, and put on the stopper. Young Rumpsteak made play, and the science displayed by Ward delighted the whole ring. Jem got out of danger with great skill. Leariness on both sides, till Peter saw a chance, when he made the most of it, and with his right hand mawley—like knocking down an ox—planted on poor Jem's cheek one of Bob Gregson's wisty castors, that lay the gay Black Diamond on his mother earth in a twinkling. "My eyes! What a row! What a change!" The 6 to 4 squinted, as it were, on the hero of the tale, as he lay stretched on the ground. The 7 to 4 people looked blue at the sight; but the hitherto bold 2 to 1 began to funk, and wanted a drop of *eau de vie*, and a flash or two of Seager's daffy, to keep up their spirits. "I say," observed a chap, well known and respected in England, "my Peter, you felt for him then. You are a good boy; finish another round or two in that style, and the Championship is your own. You are not such a green man as they took you to be."

3. The Black Diamond did not appear half so gay as before; his nob, although not exactly upon the woolsack, yet it was quite clear to the spectators it was bothered with the chancery practice. The John Bull fighter looked at his man, and perceiving he was a little *knees* in his upper works, gave him a gentle shake, observing at the same time, "I have read somewhere, but that's no matter here or there,

When taken
To be well shaken!

Come, my Jem's eye, you took the last clinker like a man, now shake it off like a trump! and go to work." Ward evidently labored under the effects of the last hit; but the stops on both sides were truly excellent, and completely satisfied all the Fanciers that Crawley and Ward were first-rate boxers. Jem endeavored to plant a bodier with his right hand, but it did not go home. Young Rumpsteak, with the most perfect good humor, smiled at the efforts of his opponent, and gave Ward a small taste upon his canister. Jem, who had not recovered from the stunning hit, fell down on his hands and knees. Notwithstanding, the friends of Ward stuck to him like glue, and backed him at 2 to 1.

4. The fight now became truly interesting, and Peter, who had previously been looked upon as a "nobody" by his opponents, was reluctantly admitted to be "somebody." Crawley parried capitally, and Jem stopped in the most skilful manner. The latter got away from mischief towards the ropes, but Crawley kept near him. Milling was now the order of the round; hit for hit, claret for claret, and lots of punishment were received on both sides, until Ward went down weak, and Crawley upon him. The spectators left their places, and pressed forward to the roped ring. The utmost confusion prevailed; and it was with great difficulty order was restored by the exertions of the Commander-in-chief, assisted by the pugilists making use of their whips upon the heads and backs of the refractory part of the crowd.

5. The claret was now seen on both of their mugs, and, although big ones, the piping system was evident. Time was wanted on both sides, and the combatants resorted to science, and the parries were delightful. Ward was as good as Crawley, and Peter equal to his opponent. The men at length got into a rally, and Ward now clearly proved to all the ring he was nothing else but a game, good man. They stood up to each other like brave fellows, giving hit for hit, counter hitting without flinching, and the claret following each blow. Ward broke ground, and hit up with his right hand, which, if his blows had told, must have proved serious to Peter. In closing, both went down, Crawley uppermost. ["Bravo! Well done on both sides. It is a capital fight. This is as it ought to be; and a battle like this must bring the Ring round."]

6. This round was decidedly in favor of Peter; and the friends of Ward were perfectly satisfied that they had hitherto held Crawley too cheap. Ward made several good stops, and Peter proved himself equally master of the science. Hit for hit, but Jem had not the reach of his antagonist, and, in closing, he had too much of half-arm fighting to do severe mischief. In closing, pepper was administered on both sides, and they both went down distressed, and rather the worse for the engagement. Ward still decidedly the favorite, and 2 to 1 offered and taken.

7. Both of the men were now upon their mettle—equal in courage, but their strength somewhat reduced. Caution was also necessary, and to obtain wind, a grand object. Ward got away from a teazer, if it had arrived at home. Sparring, and both upon the lookout for squalls; Jem made use of his left hand, but Crawley contended with his right hand heavily. The combatants now went to work without the slightest reserve. It amounted to this—hit for hit, blow for blow, whack for whack, claret for claret, and thump for thump, sticking to each other fearlessly, and evincing the highest courage in nature. Peter at length gave way towards the ropes, hitting as he retreated, closely followed by Ward. In closing, Ward, by a desperate struggle, gave Peter one of the severest cross buttocks ever witnessed. The ground shook again. [Tremendous shouting in favor of Ward, almost any odds offered, and "that's done him." "He'll not fight another round."]

8. Peter came to the scratch quite lame, and his friends were apprehensive that his complaint had received some injury. However, in spite of his distressed state, he smiled with confidence, and boldly locked at his opponent. The friends of Jem blamed him for not going in; but he was the best judge on the subject, and he was now practically aware of the danger to be apprehended from the length of his opponent. Ward again stopped Crawley's left hand in good taste, and also returned with his right. Sparring for wind. The lovers of milling were now delighted with one of the most determined rallies ever witnessed, but the length of Crawley told to the most advantage. The left hand of Peter did severe execution, and the mouth of Ward was swelled up like an apple, and both of their nobs appeared several times to almost leave their shoulders, from the force of the repeated blows. The war at length became too hot for Ward, and he went down on his knees, very much distressed. Peter sat down on the knee of his second, and evidently was the freshest man. ["Bravo, Peter! it's Leadenhall-market to a trotter shop in Chick-lane, in your favor. You're cutting him up like pork." "Blow my dicky," says Tom Belcher, "it's as safe as the Bank."]

9. This was the round for the battle and the Championship; and the lovers of bravery and the art of self defence would have thought one hundred and fifty miles but a trifling distance, to have witnessed such a fine specimen of true courage. Every blow well directed, at this period of the battle, was an object of great importance towards victory; the combatants were quite aware of it, and caution marked the commencement of this round. Ward tried to tip it to Peter's eye-dialling office, but the attempt was weak, and fell short; Young Rumpsteak smiled with confidence, and would not have it at any price. At length "the tug of war arrived, and Greek met Greek," in the persons of Ward and Crawley. The rally began; in fact, it is difficult to describe it; nay, more, perhaps impossible to do justice to the merits of the combatants. The nob of Ward napped it, and Crawley's canister rattled [illegible]; Jem's peepers were winking, and the ogles of Crawley also flashed fire; the conks of both of the men receiving pepper at each hit; their chaffing-boxes, with distress, issuing smoke like a singing tea kettle, and their ivories nearly *pirouetting* like an opera dancer. The punishment on both sides was terrific; the men were opposed to each other with as much indifference as if their bodies had been composed of bricks and mortar; and Ward exerted himself not only in the bravest style of manhood, but also making the most of his science, to get the best of his opponent. He hit up with his right hand, but Crawley stopped him with great skill. In fact, Peter hit in all manner of ways, and never lost sight of the slightest advantage which offered itself. The men, at last, had fought themselves to a complete stand still, and at the ropes they stood close to each other, both so much distressed, as scarcely to be able to lift up their hands. In closing, both down, but Peter uppermost. [Great applause from all parts of the ring. "Well done, Ward!" "Bravo, Crawley!"] The friends of Ward still thought he had the best of it, and even at this period they offered 2 to 1. Indeed, the true state of the case was, at this particular period, that it might be said to be almost anybody's battle; and the man that appeared the freshest at the scratch the next round, would be the most likely to win the fight. While sitting on his second's knee, Ward exhibited the most piteous state of exhaustion; he appeared not to have a puff of wind left in his body, and his eyes had likewise lost their fire.

10. When time was called, Crawley, most certainly, got up the best man, and came smiling to the scratch. Jem sparred for wind, and Peter had no objection to obtain a little time. But something must be done to win the fight, and rallying took place to the end of the round. It would be unjust to state which of the men displayed the most courage; but the length of Crawley gave him the best of it. The combatants now stuck to nothing else but downright milling, and blow for blow was heard all over the ring. The claret also running down both of their faces; and they fought each other to another stand still. Indeed, nature appeared quite exhausted on both sides—at the ropes they were both useless; one could not make a blow, and the other had not the strength to lift up his hands. The hopes and fears as to the issue of the contest were now discernible on the countenances of all the betters, on witnessing the men no longer able to stand, and both of them going down quite exhausted.

11 and last. The interesting moment of the fight had arrived—this round must term nate the battle, and victory was rather doubtful to either of them on the conclusion of the last set-to. Ward was almost abroad, and scarcely knew where he was; but he put up his hands to fight. It was also bellows to mend with Peter; but his pins did not tremble like those of his antagonist. Jem, like a true brave fellow, did his best to plant a blow, but it was useless. "You have only, Peter," said Tom Belcher, "to put in a little one, and the battle will be your own." Crawley followed the advice of his second, and in this state of the fight any blow would tell. Peter planted a left-handed one with effect on Jem's mouth, and he was floored on his back. Hudson picked him up, and placed him on the knee of Reuben Marten, but Jem was "dead as a house." The call of "time" he could not answer, and, of course, Peter Crawley was declared the winner, in twenty-six minutes. Peter immediately went up to shake hands with his brave but fallen opponent; Ward was in a state of stupor, and could not return the generous offer of Crawley. The latter sat down for a minute on the knee of Harry Harmer, when he left the ring with Belcher for his post chaise, amidst the shouts and congratulations of the spectators. Ward, on the contrary, in a state of insensibility, was without delay conveyed to the inn.

REMARKS.—In most of the battles which have recently taken place, it has been uppermost in the mouths of several persons losing their blunt, that they have all been

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CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Sept. 23, '61.

The fall and winter campaign may be said to be fairly under way, two of our Broadway theatres throwing open their doors this week after a succession of "waits," which have had a weighty influence in favor of other houses then open. Business has been very good during the week at theatres, minstrel halls, and concert saloons. The Academy of Music, with Herrman, the Prestigiator, has been densely packed every night. The Winter Garden has kept up remarkably well, and the season generally looks healthy.

The burlesque on Cinderella has been much improved since its first production here two weeks ago. Mrs. Wood has introduced Dan Bryant's patriotic song, written for him by Miss Herring, of "Whack, Row de Dow," and she sings it in the most droll manner. Her actions are suited to the words, and her "Nip de dooden do," at the end of one of the verses, "brings down the house" like a gust of wind. Another of the Bryants' acts, the "Raw Recruits," is introduced, giving a good opportunity to Mrs. Wood and Mr. L Baker to display their powers of burlesque. Mr. Baker is very funny in this song, and in the march around, at the close of each verse, he takes off "Japanese Tommy," of Bryants, to the very life. Mrs. Wood is also most excellent in this act, imitating very cleverly the movements of Eph. Horn and Dan Bryant. Lewis Baker's version of "Uncle Snow" is likewise a clever bit of burlesque, and never fails to receive the greatest applause. Altogether, Cinderella is now a very fair burlesque. Good houses have been the rule during the week, the attraction at the Academy having but little effect upon the business of Winter Garden We perceive that Mr. Louis Zwisler has been engaged as business agent for Mrs. Wood. The selection of this gentleman for the position is a good one, for he is one of the best in the profession. He is gentlemanly in his manners, careful of the interests of his employers, and an excellent advertiser. Mr Koppitz, the leader of the orchestra at this house, is fast becoming a favorite. His selections are good, and such as suit the popular taste. The "Nightingale Polka," with piccolo and flageolet obligato by Messrs. Koppitz and Lothian, is encored nightly.

Look out for fun at Bryants. They are about to bring out a burlesque on Herrmann, the Wizard, and if it does not make as great a hit as that made by the Prestigiator, it will be because their hall is not quite so large as the Academy. Monday next, we understand, will be the occasion of the first appearance of the renowned "Prestige Hater," Jacobusariusderhighfalutinmockturtlemitderwoskinunterbighheelabadnego. Go early, and, as the politicians say, often. The attendance here has been very large throughout the week, on one or two occasions a number of ladies taking their chances in the gallery.

The Bowery boys always get tired of a piece after one or two weeks; and the play of Bull Run has tired their patience so that they held off somewhat last week, the business at the New Bowery showing a decided falling off especially in the pit. This week we are to have a new drama, entitled the "Old House on the Bridge." We hope the bridge won't fall through.

The die is cast—Laura Keene leads off in the opening. Her announcement that the opening of her establishment would take place on the 23d, was soon after followed by Mr. Wallack's "declaration of his intentions," fixing his initial performance for the 25th. There will be quite a rivalry between these two houses, but both, for a time at least, will do well. Wallack's new theatre will be an attraction itself, and crowds will flock there for weeks to see the house, if for no other purpose. At Laura's, many of those thousands who witnessed the "Seven Sisters" last season, will attend this, to compare the "Seven Sons" with their "illustrious predecessors."

That "little mint," 444 Broadway, is still coining money for its proprietor. Night after night, rain or shine the place is well filled, and the waiter girls do a thriving trade with the saloon. A very good entertainment is provided for the patrons of this house, both in quantity and quality, midnight often witnessing the fall of the curtain on the last act. Cheap prices rule here, and that is one secret of its success

Miss Laura Keene has published one of those peculiar advertisements she seems to be so partial to. In the columns of a daily newspaper, it has a very formidable appearance, and is replete with the particular items which comprise the great novelty of the pending season—"The Seven Sons." This judging from the cast of characters and the distribution of events, we should be induced to suppose a sort of continuation of "The Seven Sisters," which had so long and so successful run at Miss Keene's house last season. The cast referred to is a specimen of how the Lady Laura makes these sort of things, and is really amusing, from its go ahead summing up. We annex it:—Diavoline, an old favorite, formerly one of the Seven Sisters, Miss Laura Keene; Columbia, Mrs. J. H. Allen; Satanella, another of the Seven Sisters, Miss Sara Stevens; Tartarus, afterwards Ike, a Yankee boy, and Hezkiah Peabody, a Yankee peddler, Mrs Lotty Hough; Asmodeus, afterwards Hank, a fast boy, afterwards Mlle. Marie, a French lady. Mrs. Chanfrau; Diavolus, afterwards Tim Toggles, an imported tiger, afterwards Dr Dashaway, an equestrienne, Miss Ione Burke; Molasses, afterwards Jack, a sailor, Miss Francis; Rhadamthus, afterwards Harry, a newsboy, Miss Dillon; Sulphurus afterwards Hans, a Dutch boy, afterwards the Fraulien pumper neckel, Mrs. Marlowe; Mephistophiles, afterwards a young man about town, Miss Robertson; Pluto, King of Hades, afterwards Cuffee, irrepressible as ever, in everybody's way, continually breaking out in a new place, with a new Union song, Mr. J Burnett; Cæsar, afterwards Dr. Fussell, special war correspondent of the Thunderer, fully impregnated with the belief that he who don't fight but runs away will certainly have the best chance of living to fight on another occasion, Mr Levick; Jake Butt, a New York boy, other than which no description is necessary, Mr H. F. Daly; Fred. Flutter, an English fop, formerly an officer in the Crimea, Mr. Marlowe; Mickey McGinnis, one of the great unwashed, a Sixth ward politician Mr Dillon; Machiavelli, afterwards Sneekwit, an unmitigated abolitionist, Mr J. H. Stoddart; Alexander, afterwards Von Syck, a gentleman of Teutonic origin, who has been spoiled by his appetite, Mr C Burnett; Policeman, one of the regular blue and pewter, Mr. W. E. Richardson; Imp, Mr J D Bilby; Mrs. Pluto, the mother of the Seven Sons as well as the maternal parent of the Seven Sisters (it is trusted the excellence of the first rendition of this character will apologise for this second introduction), Mrs C. Peters It is followed by a synopsis of the scenery and effects, which, it appears, will combine all the glitter of the "Sisters" with an immense amount of varied and comical action People of the two worlds—that below and that we tread—are brought together. We have King Pluto and "our own correspondent" of the London *Thunderer;* and as spots of special interest to the eye, the Gate of Hades, Columbia's Home, the Battle of Bunker Hill, a Coral Cave, *tableaux* of the Pollywogs, a New York street, a federal picket camp and last, though not least, the great Watteau scene of Arcadian Nymphs reposing among their flocks by the mountain torrent of Real Water! There is plenty here for the money, not to mention a grand, crashing overture by Tom Baker. Of the piece itself, of which all we have enumerated are only parts, Miss Keene declares it to be an "incomprehensible mass of dramatic nonsense." There is some honesty in the confession; while the inference is allowable, that should the novelty be what is said of it, the equivalent rendered in the lack of literary excellence, will be more than made up, in the first place, to the ear, by music such as the "excellent Thomas" knows well how to produce from his orchestra; and in the second, to the eye, in glitter, fine scenery and dresses, and handsome legs. Any how, we shall await the ringing up of the curtain on "The Seven Sons," in full assurance of welcoming back old favorites with a burly cheer. This evening, Monday, Sept. 24th, is announced as the opening night of the season. A report of the opening of the new piece will be given in our next.

Geo. Christy, we understand, is to give a performance in Brooklyn this evening, 23d inst, having finished his course in Broadway. It is given out, however, that in a few weeks he is to open at Niblo's Saloon. Hooley intends also to organize a company for the same neighborhood, we believe Can it be that they will both run on the fusion or Union ticket? We shall see

Last week Broadway Music Hall (late Wallack's Theatre) was well attended by people anxious to witness the comicalities of Billy Birch, Ben Cotton, Tony Pastor, J A Herrmann, Johnny Mulligan, and the rest of that ilk, along with Miss Cara Walters and her sisters of the *ballet* troupe The combined efforts of these make up an entertainment of the right sort, full and varied, and well suited to drive away the "blues" At this hall, you are always sure of your money's worth in mirth alone. The grace of the ladies of the *ballet*, their prettiness, and their pleasant ways must be accepted as rich extras

Nixon's circus, under canvas, adjoining the Palace Garden grounds, on Fourteenth Street and Broadway, if we accept the audience we saw there on Friday evening, 20th inst., as a criterion of "what's going on," must have been ringing in the "jinglers" by wholesale during the week On the evening referred to, the pavilion was crowded a most to excess. The performances by the several artists were excellent, and afforded evident satisfaction, as evinced by the frequent bursts of applause that emanated from the spectators on the execution of a "daring act" A decided improvement in the entertainment is now manifest Eston Stone will probably appear in his bare-back riding act this week; his benefit takes place Monday evening, 30th inst Dan Stone's benefit takes place to-night.

Eph Horn's card photograph can be procured at Frederick's gallery, in Broadway.

Messrs. Nixon and Forrest couldn't come to terms with Mr. Stewart regarding Niblo's Garden The former would have taken it for six weeks, but Mr. Stewart wouldn't rent the house for less than three months, so the "experiment" and his managing man subsided, and will now go to Boston, opening at the Boston Theatre on the 30th inst.

John F. Poole, one of our most prolific dramatists, author of eighty-two pieces, among which are "Wealth and Worth," "Nick Whiffles," "Glendower," "Rose Elmer," "The Lady in White," "Doom of Deville," etc., and author of our popular story "The Desperate Stake," has opened a Literary Agency at 482 Broadway, and will for the future devote his attention to the production of Songs, Burlesques, Stump Speeches, and "Sold," as Artemus Ward would say. Mr. Poole's experience as a literator—he having been before the public for the last ten years in the characters of Dramatist, Novelist, Editor, Poet, Reporter, Lecturer, and Bohemian generally—must ensure him "a mighty dale of nice considheration" (vide Sir Patrick O'Pienipo.) To actors, managers, "vocalists," and the "profesh" in general, we say, call on Poole. A reference to our advertising columns will post you as to his terms of business, etc.

Among the numerous professional arrivals in our city, of late, one has not yet been recorded—simply that of Mr Edwin James, queen's counsel, Member of Parliament, recorder of Brighton, and a comedian. This gentleman, to whom we have had to refer on more than one occasion in the columns of the CLIPPER, is, or was a day or two ago, in our midst, having taken his initiation of American life and manners, at Long Branch, when Mrs. Lincoln was there. Of Mr. James, who, some twenty years since, was an exceedingly respectable representative of the Tressells, Montonos, and Horatios of the regular drama, at the Theatre Royal, Bath, and who, doubtless, would have continued in the dramatic line, had it promised eminence for him, it was gravely asserted in a London newspaper of no remote date, that the highest honors of the British peerage and bench were awaiting him, should he think proper to take avail of his good fortune. The man, of whom this could be said, certainly claims a passing notice from us, while in our neighborhood, and claims it more, when we remember him as a member of the craft to which much of our space is devoted. From concurrent accounts, Mr. James has been playing many parts of late—his most recent being that of "Benedict, the married man." We wish him joy, and earnestly hope that the bother with which he has been mixed up on the other side of the Atlantic, will prove a "Much ado about Nothing."

Maurice Sands run in to see us on Tuesday last, having arrived here from Havana on the previous Saturday. He reports that the war in the States has depressed all kinds of business on the island of Cuba. There are two circus companies there, one called the Albesu Circus Co., then giving entertainments in the vicinity of Havana. Attached to this troupe are Frank Robinson and Charles Wood, of Cincinnati; also, Mad. Nunu; the balance are Spanish. They were doing pretty well. The other concern is under the management of Smith & Scopoletti, and performing in the upper part of the island. Mr. Eldred and Col. Wood had left for France, taking with them the two elephants, about which there had been some trouble. Col. Wood's expedition had proved very unprofitable to him. Maurice Sands expects to return to Havana this week. He contemplates starting out in the spring with a company of his own, giving exhibitions in the West Indies South America, etc.

Talking about Sands, brings to mind the will of Mr. Richard Sands, whose souls of life run out some months ago in Cuba, and whose remains were subsequently brought to this city, and interred here. Mr. Sands was quite wealthy at the time of his decease, and for a time there seemed to be some difficulty in getting at the will of the deceased showman; but it eventually turned up, and, on the 17th inst., it was admitted to probate in the Surrogate's office. The will appropriates $4 000 for his funeral expenses and a monument; to his brother Ebbert, he bequeaths $10,000; to his sister Eliza, $12,000; his two half-brothers, each $1000; to the children of his brother Henry, $2 000; to his adopted children, Maurice and Jesse, $2,000 each; to three friends, $1,000 each. By a codicil, the sum to his brother is increased to $15,000; increased to his sister Eliza $18,000, all other legacies are increased in a similar proportion. To George Sergeant, equestrian, $1 000; to Sands Haviland, $1.000; to Thomas Brooks, for faithful services as doorkeeper, $1,000; to his aunt Phœbe Smith, and two cousins, $1 000 each; Richard Sands Pounall, $1,000. The residuary estate goes to his brother, after various other bequests of landed property. The property of the deceased is estimated at $200,000, of which he bequeaths cash legacies amounting to $54 800. We see no mention of any provision being made for the mother of "Richard Sands Pounall," and to whom, it was thought, the building in which they resided would have been left. Is it possible that she has been entirely overlooked in the general distribution.

A stranger, entering the auditorium of Canterbury Hall, Broadway, is apt to be deceived regarding the size of the establishment, for, apparently, the hall extends on either side to a great distance. This, however, is one of the effects of the mirrors which line the sides of the house; and it is some time before the real extent of the auditorium is made manifest. We have seen men enter this hall, and actually walk up to the mirrors before they became aware that they could go no farther. A curious effect is also produced on the stage, for the performances present a three fold aspect, the spectators being enabled to see what is going on, by looking in the mirrors on either side, or by directing their eyes in front, three views presenting themselves at the same time. Were you ever at the Canterbury? No? Well, it won't set you back a peg to visit this institution, for it is one of the attractions of the great metropolis We spent a rainy evening there last week, and eleven o'clock caught us before we were aware that we had been an hour in the place. Time takes to itself wings, and speeds away with lightning like rapidity, when the company is pleasant, so it is said, and so we found it on the occasion of our visit to the little palace of mirrors. It is a beautiful establishment, ornamented with much taste, and glittering with lights and "pretty waiter girls" Reader, did you ever study the faces and forms of any of our concert saloon girls? You *ought* to. One of the waiter girls at the Canterbury attracted our notice on the evening referred to, and we wondered *why* she occupied such a position. Her face is one of the most beautiful we ever beheld. She was dressed in a light fabric, plain and loosely made, and, unlike most of her companions, concealing her bust, neck, and shoulders from the public gaze. Her voice is sweet and musical, and her manners, as far as we could judge, pleasing and affable. There was nothing gaudy about her, and yet "she was altogether lovely." Our little beauty is of medium stature, apparently of "delicate structure," and two "pink streamers" decorated her tresses. Now, kind and gentle reader, don't suppose that *we* are after the girl, because we have been thus explicit in calling attention to her. Not at all; we like to share the pretty sights with our friends, and this is why we make "honorable mention" of her. If she's all *our* fancy painted her, then she's lovely—she's divine. The show on the stage was of the most varied character; but you ought to see that girl. *We* saw the show, though, notwithstanding the close proximity of the damsel possessed of great beauty. Just see here; we'll give you an idea of what was done on the stage, and who did it, for a more varied entertainment is seldom witnessed anywhere There was a comic Yankee medley, by La Petite Louise; we "didn't see it," however, the performance commencing earlier than we anticipated; so, too, with the Roman Gladiators, by the Nelson Brothers; and the Flag Dance, by Mlle. Rosalie. Then came the Canterbury Minstrels, including Sam Sharpley, J. H. Budworth, R. Abecco, Paul Berger, E J. Melville, and others. The witticisms of Sharpley and Budworth created much merriment, while the singing of Abecco, Melville, and Berger were well appreciated. A champion jig followed, by a live Indian—live Indian, Signor "Oka-ta-Walla." A friend at our elbow said it's Indian for "oh! what a collar." Our "live Indian" friend "yanked it" as natural as a regular "contraband" Maybe he *is* of that persuasion. Banjo song by Budworth. There is no use in talking; banjo and comic songs seem to please the *habitues* of concert halls more than anything else, except the girls. Budworth did his banjo song so bad that he was compelled to do it over again. The banjo was followed by Lizzie Francis in a dance. We like to see girls dance, we do. They look so angelic and loveable—so gentle and beautiful—and yet we have heard it said that some of 'em are awful on the scold; but mind, *we* don't believe it. Those who say so are the dancers themselves—they talk against each other. Now, Lizzie Francis is one of the peaceable kind, and takes no other dancer's steps. Messrs. Ashton and Rogers next appeared, and went through their pole exercise, or *peche equipoise*—one at each end of the pole—and it is hard to say which has the best of it; the man at the top wriggles and squirms, but it's no use; the under man in the fight can't be thrown, no how They perform this feat very cleverly. A Spanish Dance follows, but as we don't understand Spanish "quite fluently," Mlle. Augusta Welby will excuse us for this brief notice. So, too, with the Dutch duett, by Sharpley and Abecco. Our young friend Louise succeeded in a National dance, and this was followed by an act called the "French Dancing Master," in which Hernandez, Berger, and Mlle. Whelpley figured. At this time that pretty waiter girl crossed our path again, so we didn't see the French Dancing Master. Our friend on the left said it was a capital burlesque, and that Hernandez was hung on pivots. (P. S—Our little waiter girl is all bunk with Hernandez—we saw them in sweet communion, just before this part of the show). Then there was another dance by Mlle. Marietta Ravel, followed by ladder groupings, by Messrs. Ashton, Rogers, and the Nelson brothers They went up and down the ladders as nimbly as any hod carrier we ever witnessed. Now, gentlemen, don't misconstrue our remarks. In making comparisons, we cannot be very choice, you know. Joking aside, this troupe, in their groupings, present a series of very pretty pictures, and make quite an interesting feature in the evening's entertainment. Their groupings are as pretty, almost, as the little girl in front we have before adverted to, and she'll "Remember Me." Did you ever hear Charley Fox sing the pathetic ballad with this title? We've heard Campbell, and Kelly, and Wambold, and Carncross, and Prendergast, and Brignoli, but Fox takes 'em all down in "You'll Remember Me." He dresses to kill in it. Somebody may get hurt here some night, mind, for Charley De Vere's leap from the swinging rope down into the auditorium is a dangerous performance. Quite a number of the spectators actually imagined that De Vere had been thrown from the rope. One gentleman, in endeavoring to get out of the way of the "coming man," came very near collapsing on the pretty little waiter girl; and the sandwich boy dropped his tray of lunch. It didn't hurt 'em, however. They sold more readily after they had come down (Joke). An Ethiopian act by Sharpley, La Mont, and Ross was next on the list, and a variety of dancing by the ballet, but *she* was foremost us, and obscured the scene. Then there was more banjo singing by Fox; trapeze, by the Nelson Brothers; Roman Dance, by Mr. C. Constantine, etc. This latter is no stick himself, although he handles the sticks with surprising dexterity; it makes a good thing. Charley Fox and J. H. Budworth appeared as the bulls and bears in "Stocks up and Stocks Down," and in which they got off some clever conundrums. Here is a specimen:—"Why is Great Britain like the NEW YORK CLIPPER?" Do you know, reader? We'll bet a small glass of lager you don't. Give it up? "Well, I'll tell you why Great Britain is like the NEW YORK CLIPPER" "Because its got a QUEEN at the head of it." First-rate, isn't it? Charley De Vere originated it; Budworth told it, and Fox gave it up. Had it referred to "any other man" but the subscriber, probably we would not have noticed it. Such is life. Mlle. Ravel, in a Spanish dance, followed; she in turn succeeded by Sharpley, in banjo eccentricities; and he by Abecco, whose powerful voice seems just suited to those thrilling patriotic songs which he sings so well. Some very surprising acrobatic feats were then performed by Messrs. Ashton and Rogers, as the "Two Comics." In some of them they are equal to the Hanlon brothers, whom we have seen in a similar performance. A dance by Mlle. Welby, and Smiggy Mac Glural by Fox, Budworth, and Ross, closed this portion of the programme. Eleven o'clock warned us that it was time to retire to our virtuous couch, which we did; and thus, in a self sacrificing spirit, deprived ourself of the chance of witnessing Henander's great pantomime of the "Southern Refugee." This, however, will give our readers an idea of what may be seen for a mere trifle at a New York concert saloon, the prices of admission to the Canterbury being 13, 25, and 35 cents. The house is nightly crowded in every part, and *our* little waiter girl is kept busy in supplying the wants of her numerous admirers.

We have found out who that financial manager is, that was said to have been missing, with $20,000 in his possession; but we "are not at liberty to disclose what we know, for prudential reasons," as Gen. McClellan would say. Do you want to know who it is? We don't think it will prevent the theatre opening, however. We'd like to tell you, but fear that Fort Lafayette might be our portion; and th's brings to mind a joke that we have been trying to get off for some time. Its something like this. If Fort Lafayette gets any more sporters into it, will it be out of place to call it Lafayette haul? Its as good a joke as some that Shandly gets off in Cinderella, is'nt it?

We took a vapor bath in the Academy of Music on Monday evening, 16th inst., on the occasion of the Wizard Herrmann's *debut* in the metropolis. The jam was the most complete thing we have witnessed in many months, the dense crowd being attracted thither by the world renowned Herrmann, the great prestigiator—as Webster hath it—which, properly defined, means an individual who excels in sleight of hand, and whose digits are pretty active in their movements The *debut* was a very successful one, as each parted with the other, at the close of the proceedings, fully satisfied with what they had received, Herrmann pocketing the two or three thousand half dollars he had made with great glee, and his audience departing full of wonder and satisfaction at the clever performances they had witnessed. The fact is, Herrmann is far superior to any of his predecessors in the same line of business; and his quiet performances, unaccompanied by the usual display of the magician's paraphernalia that is supposed to be part and parcel of the legitimate style of things, is not the least commendatory portion of the peculiar method he adopts of astonishing his audiences. On Monday, the evening's amusement began with an overture by the orchestra of the Opera Company soon, we understand, to commence at the Academy; after which the curtain rose, and the great prestigiator walked forward and briefly remarked that this was the first time he had had the honor of appearing before an American audience, and begged their indulgence for his want of familiarity with the English language. He then alluded to the fact that all his tricks were done by sleight of hand, unaided by confederates, or the usual mechanical contrivances; in proof of which he brought forth for examination the two small circular tables that appeared on the stage; these, and another square one, and a small desk, being the only articles on the stage. His first trick was with cards, and his dexterous handling of them elicited loud applause. All he did was done in a quiet, artistic manner, entirely devoid of the usual common clap trap, and his programme consisted of a selection of the most choice tricks that have been performed by Jacobs, Anderson, Wyman, Heller and others. His changes of the rings was truly a surprising, and exceedingly clever performance, and the deceptions were so adroitly managed that none could discover the solution of the problem. But the trick with the bowls of gold fishes, which was the great feature of Jacobs' performances, was the most adroit and astonishing of all. He takes a square handkerchief, shakes it about well, then rolls it up in a small compass; again spreads it out in front of him, and then lifting it, discloses a bowl of gold fish swimming about lively in the water that fills the bowl. This is done four or five times, the last instance being performed on the passage way in the midst of the audience We confess that this trick passes our comprehension as to the manner in which it is done, bowls of water not being easily handled without being seen; and as he does not leave the stage during the performance of the trick, the arriving at a clue to the deception is rendered almost impossible of attainment. He closed the evening's entertainment with some admirable imitations of various song birds, that of the Nightingale being musical in the extreme. We have very little doubt of Herrmann's success, for if the remainder of his performances include those as surprising and wonderful as the demonstration of Monday evening, his nightly programme cannot help but draw full houses. Our operatic friend Ullman, who has charge of this magical speculation, piles it on a little too thick in his notice "To the Public." He says that, in "embarking in this enterprise with Mr Herrmann, he has not simply been actuated by a love of profit," etc., etc. All right, B. Ullman. This is one of *your* sleight of hand and slight of profit tricks, is'nt it. But go to—we shant divulge. Crowds are nightly turned away from the Academy.

Our operatic friends are not backward in taking the chances. If they can secure employment in opera houses or theatres, well and good If not, they do not look upon the church as unworthy of their distinguished consideration, providing the thing pays. Quite a number of prominent singers and musicians are now assisting in doing good in our church choirs. In St Stephen's Church, it is said that the following singers compose the choir:—Madame Isadora Clark, soprano; Mad. Boyer, contralto; Signor Quinto, tenor; Signor Barilli, baritone; and Morra, the elder, bass. The younger Morra supports this strong array on the organ. Now, this is something like. Some of our pious friends repudiate any and everybody connected with public amusements, but our brethren of St. Stephens' are more charitable, and bar none, be they Jew or Gentile, saint or sinner, so that they can lift up their voices in songs of praise for good salaries.

Miss Julia Daly, who has been performing in England for the last eighteen months, arrived in this city on the 18th inst., in the steamship New York, from Southampton.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

A cozy little place is Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn, to drop in of an evening and while away a leisure hour among friends "gay and happy." The entertainments are pleasing and varied—never failing to draw the crowd. Harry Pell and Billy West, performing there, are two "gay nigs," and "some" on the "contraband" article. Manager Bordwell is deserving of the success he enjoys.

At Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., the "Seven Sisters" was reproduced on the 22d ult., with the following cast:—Arthur Stunner, J. B Booth; Uncle Sam, W. M. Leman; Cuffee, Mr. Barry; Pluto, Mr Waldron; Diavoline, Mrs. Sophia Edwin; Plutella, Mrs. Perry; Tartarine, Miss J. Mandeville; Columbia, Mrs. Woodward.

Promenade concerts were given at the Mission Dolores, Cal., on the 22d, 23d, and 24th ult., in aid of St John's Church. Miss Louisa O'Keefe, and Miss A. Sonntag assisted.

At Gilbert's Melodeon, San Francisco, Cal., Wm. O'Neil, Irish vocalist late of this city; Max Irwin, M'dlle Augusta Lamerour, Miss Joey La Forrest, were announced by late advices to appear shortly.

Mr. Davidge was the recipient of a benefit at Musical Hall, Quebec, C. E. on the 13th inst, when he appeared as Paul Pry, and John Small, in the "Buzzards." He was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Simcoe Lee, Mr. Nickinson, Miss Fanny Brown, and others.

Alex. Robinson & Co.'s show was to leave Quebec, C. E., on the 19th inst., and show at Point Levi on the 20th, and at New Liverpool on the 21st.

Sherry Corbyn, with Miss Edith Mitchell and company, were among the mountaineers of California at latest accounts. They were northward bound.

The Martinetti Troupe were announced to appear at Red Bluff, Oregon, on the 14th ult., on their way southward, having toured it all through California and Oregon.

The company at the Bella Union, San Francisco, Cal., as late as the 22d ult., comprised Mesdames Biscaccianti and Schwegerle, the Misses Lee, Martell, and Nelson, and Messrs. J W. Conner, Schwegerle, W. H. Hamilton, J. H O'Neil, McCabe, and Charles. The grand opera of "Rigoletto" might have been heard there on the above date for 12½ cents.

The Albinos, and Sebastopol, the Scotch bagpipe player, were exhibiting at Tucker's Academy of Music, San Francisco, on the 22d ult.

The "Merchant of Venice

and that so far as "backers" are concerned, Mr. Murphy and the Platte Valley Theatre Co. are every way able to back themselves.

"Yours, PROFESSIONAL"

Dr. Bassett's United States, and Geo. Bartholomew's Southern Circuses, have coalesced, and were performing under the title of the "Grand Combination," at San Francisco, Cal., on the 22d inst., where they were to remain for "five nights only." There were twenty-five performers in the arena, including M'dlle Camille, and Miss Emma Pastor. A free exhibition of Blondin's feat, by Mrs. Walter B. Aymar, was announced for each evening, on a single wire, from the ground to the fourth story of the International Hotel, said to be at an elevation of 75 feet. The charges were, dress circle $1; pit 50 cents. "Big thing."

The Female Minstrels, so called, including the Misses Fanny La Ross Russum, Emma Howard, Mary Chapman, Lizzie Smith, Rosina Shaw, and Mrs. Sallie Thayer, were, in conjunction with Messrs. Walter Bray, Murphy, Coes, Hussey, Harvey, Coad, Edmonds, Waterman, Smith, Mabit, Wasburgh, and Pugh, making the atmosphere vocal, as the poets say, at the National Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., on the 22d ult.....Another party of "Female Minstrels," were at the American Theatre Melodeon, at the same place, and on the same date as the above—a sort of opposition arrangement, we presume. The "feminines" were the Misses Mary Chapman, Clara Dean, Fanny Young, Nellie Cole, Belle Devine, Louisa Paullin, and Kate Rosa. Among the masculines were numbered Messrs. D. C. Anderson, W. Stephenson, J. F Tuers, Chas. F. Spriggs, Charles Delorre, Billy Sheppard, Master Edgar Paullin, the celebrated Italian brothers, and Master Tomasito. The people of San Francisco seem to be sound on the female question. Max Zoter is chief roarer, or musical director of the establishment.

From St. Louis, we have the following items from our correspondent Seneca, under date of Sept. 17:—"FRIEND QUEEN—Your correspondent T. C. F., in your issue of the 14th inst., says that Tom Osborn has engaged for his Melodeon in Chicago Tom Cony and Leslie May, trapeze performers. Allow me to contradict T. C. F., and say that Tom Cony is stage manager at Canterbury Hall, in this city; while Leslie May is engaged in buying horses for Uncle Sam, in Cincinnati; neither likely to take a new "sit" soon, I think, though a pity they should be separated.....The proclamation keeping the military in camp has not had the serious effect on amusements I thought it would, for there are still many officers about, and some privates, though not so many as before. Since the military have been squelched, in a manner, the boys about town have come out in greater force, and rallied to the front in one or two places of amusement in a most creditable manner.....At the St. Louis Theatre, Miss Wyette is playing, to fair houses, a round of fine characters..... The Gaieties, Melodeon, and Bowery Concert Hall, all on the low price system, are doing fairly; while Canterbury Hall, at double their prices is doing better than either, and the audiences are composed of many of our old theatre *habitues*, who, "having got in the way of it," keep going.....One of Provost Marshal McKinstry's proclamations limits the duration of performances to 10½ o'clock P. M. It has one salutary effect—it prevents the frequent encores which formerly kept a house open to midnight. It has also led to the adoption at one hall, of a legitimate short farce for the conclusion of the performances. These farces, too, are done in very creditable style, under the management of Cony. Another proclamation does not suit the "peoples" so well—"No malt or other intoxicating liquor can be sold after 6 o'clock P. M Saturday, until Monday morning." Think of a concert hall without *beer*—Hamlet, without the "noble Dane."..... *On dits* in the profession are scarce enough.....The war has a most depressing effect on St. Louis; sad to say, our Levee, once the scene of as great animation as any docks, quays, or piers in the world could show, now exhibits, in some places, thrifty spears of grass. Now, grass in its place is all well enough, but a sight of it growing in the once busy mart of trade, is saddening enough. All the shipping business is confined to two blocks between Oliver and Chestnut streets, where formerly two miles of Levee proved but a cramp space.....Went a day or two ago to see the Goverment gun boats, and found, to my surprise, they are being built with a four inch *keel*, and a considerable *deadrise*. This, to one who is acquainted with our shallow waters, will seem strange; but what struck me as stranger still, was, that in their frames, from stem to sternpost, I did not see one piece of timber of a natural curve—all sawed, and without much regard to the grain. Perhaps they will be "all right," but they would make the eyes of some of your ship builders stick out a few.....Fortifications of earth are still being rapidly erected in the western suburbs of the city, while our streets are a constant thoroughfare for the movements of troops coming and going—from and where no civilian knows. It is no uncommon thing to be awakened by the tramp of troops and the heavy rumble of artillery, caisson wagons, and long trains of transport wagons, all moving without even the strains of a fife; and yet, for all, Missouri is the scene of a most harassing strife. Secesh. seems hydra-headed and briarous-handed—put down in one place, it springs up in twenty others.....Excuse my prolixity, especially as you cut my letters badly, even when short.....The following is a list of the company attached to the St. Louis Canterbury Hall:—Tom Cony, stage manager; S. S. Purdy, boses; J. T. Boyce, tamborine; E. Slocum, middleman; H. Freberthyser, violinist; E. W Story, cornet; J. L Davis, flute; Ed. Berry, buffo singer; Chas. Davis, "esserce;" Mlle. Louise, danseuse; La Belle Verdee, danseuse; Sallie Thayer, danseuse; La Belle Emma, danseuse; Celia Morley, balladist; La Belle Flora, balladist.....The following is a list of the St. Louis Theatre company: Messrs. T. W. Davey, Conner, J. F Hagan, G Wallack, C. L. Allen, Sherry, W. P. Smith, J. F Barrett. Barney; Misses Raymond, M and E. Maddern, Charlotte Wyette; Mrs. Nixon, and Mrs. McIntosh.

Mrs. Perrin made her first appearance this season at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 9th inst., in "Lucretia Borgia."

Mrs Forbes has been playing recently in the region round about Downieville, Cal.

Winchell spun some of his yarns at Albany Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 9th and 10th inst., on the last-mentioned date, for the benefit of the volunteer fund of that city.

According to late advices from California, Thomas Maguire, manager of the late San Francisco Opera House, has been restrained from performing "Colleen Bawn," of which Mr. Wheatleigh claims the copyright.

Monday, 23d inst., is the date appointed for the grand amateur performance, at the Theatre Royal, Halifax, N. S., of the officers of H. B. M. S. St. George. Mrs. Barrow was to appear as Mrs. Oakley, in the "Jealous Wife."

Charley Backus has arrived in San Francisco, and made his first appearance at the "New National Theatre," on the 26th of August. He was engaged with a company of male and female minstrels, composed of the following members:—F. Hussey, W. M. Barker, Sam Wells, Chas. Shattuck, Harvey, Sterling, Miss Laurens, Sallie Thayer, and others. Backus has introduced "Stocks Up and Stocks Down," "Cruelty to Johnny," "Uncle Snow," and "Dat's What's de Matter."

A very big hoax was recently practiced in the town of Oakham, Eng., and caused considerable excitement there. Its hero was an individual styling himself Henry Chapman, from Westminster, equestrian, and agent in advance for a travelling show which was on its way thither, and would, when arrived, "astonish the natives." On the strength of these assertions the stranger got a printer to trust him with bills, and men to set to work in a field, where, it was alleged, the canvas would be spread. Moreover, he ensconced himself at a comfortable tavern, and lived on the best of the land, until his solicitation for a small loan, aroused suspicion that all was not on the square. Accordingly, he was watched and showing symptoms of moving off, was captured, and given in the hands of the police. Meanwhile, the clamor for a settlement of unpaid accounts was loud and vehement. It need scarcely be added that the fellow was an imposter, and his show an airy fabrication.

Actresses in Austria seem to be at a premium with the notabilities there, the following, belonging to the Vienna stage, having recently formed matrimonial alliances, as set down:—Constance Geiger is the Duchess Leopold de Saxe Cobourg; Mdlle. Neumann, the Countess Von Schoenbern; Mdlle. Gossman, the Baroness Prokesch; Mdlle. Bossler, the Baroness Von Bruck; and Mdlle. Marie Crenarch, the Princess Czartorisky. We are glad there is no more to give, as an extended list of names like the above would certainly be a teaser to anybody accustomed to simple syllables.

The following is a list of the Royal Adelphi Dramatic Company, now travelling through the Canadas:—Messrs. E. T. Stetson, F. L. Keller, W. P Sheldon, I W Carroll, G. L Stout O. Leslie, J. K. Deany, A. Major; Mrs. E. T. Stetson, Misses Molly Williams, C Leslie, Mrs. Carman, and M'dlle Ada; the whole under the management of Dr Oswell, Leslie, and T L. Keller. They were performing at Guelph up to the close of last week, Whitby being their next stand.

Mad. Anna Bishop had returned to St John, N B, and sang in capital style, but on the occasion of our correspondent's visit, there were not more than 150 persons in the house.

Rouse & Smith's Dramatic and Operatic Company closed at Westfield, N Y, on the 14th "Uncle Tom's Cabin" being the principal play, with Marian M. Smith in the character of Eva, and Fanny Denham as Topsy.

A building used for theatrical exhibitions at the Girard Park, Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire, with its contents, on the 16th inst. Nobody hurt.

The following sections of a corporation ordinance relating to public exhibitions in St. John, New Brunswick, may be of service to the profession:—"That no theatrical exhibitions, public shows, or other exhibitions of whatever name or nature, to which admission is obtained on payment of money, shall be allowed within the said city of Saint John, unless permission and license from the mayor of the said city for the time being, be first had and obtained. That any person or persons who shall set up, establish, or promote any such exhibition or show, or publish or advertise the same to take place, without a license being first obtained therefor as aforesaid, or after such license if obtained, shall be revoked or annulled, shall be liable to the penalty of twenty-five pounds for each and every offense. That the person or persons who may obtain any license as aforesaid, shall conform to such directions and regulations for preserving order and decorum thereat, and preventing the interruption of the public peace, as the mayor for the time being may from time to time deem necessary, and in case such directions are not fully complied with, or if for any other cause it may be deemed expedient so to do, it shall and may be lawful for the mayor to revoke and annul every such license at his pleasure. That it shall and may be lawful for the said mayor to ask, demand, and receive for every such license by him to be given and granted as aforesaid, for the use of the city, such a sum of money as he and the person or persons intended to be licensed may agree for, not exceeding the sum of twenty-five pounds." If the mayor has any of the milk of human kindness in his composition, and is fond of amusements, our theatrical and show folks may have some sort of a show for their money, but if he is as surly as some we wot of, and sticks up for the limit, $125, then it will be walk along John. We take it, however, that "his honor" is all right on the goose, for he "likes a drop of good beer he does," and a "jolly good fellow is he, he, he, and a jolly old codger is he."

Mr and Mrs. Henri Drayton were performing their Parlor Operas, at the Assembly Rooms, Scarborough, Eng.; and at the Music Hall in the same place, M'Sainton and Madame Dolby Sainton, with others, were giving concerts.

The dreadful calamity at the Continental Theatre still continues the theme of conversation in theatrical circles. At the time of going to press on the 16th, six deaths had occurred among those injured. On the 17th inst., another was added to the number, Miss Ruth Gale having died on the evening of that day, at the hospital. On Monday, September 16th, Coroner Conrad and a jury met at the Continental Theatre, to investigate the circumstances attending the deaths of the six young females. Mr. Wheatley was present, and assisted the Coroner in obtaining all the facts of the deplorable accident. The first witness examined was *Miss Jenny Clifford*, who testified as follows:—I was dressing in the room with the Misses Gale. There were seven of us in the room. The dress of Miss Zela Gale was hanging on a nail near the gas jet on one side of the mirror. She took it down, and in doing so the skirt caught from the jet and was instantly in a flame. Miss Hannah Gale rushed to her and attempted to put out the fire; in doing so her own dress and Zela's caught. Hannah jumped out of the windows, and Zela ran out of the room, after setting fire to the dresses of several of the other girls. Miss Nichols and myself made our escape through the flies. *Anna Nichols, sworn*.—I was in the room in which the accident occurred. One of the Misses Gale attempted to take her skirt from a nail near the gas jet, and in so doing set it on fire. Her sister attempted to put the fire out and set fire to her dress. She then in moving about set fire to the dresses of most of the others. I was very much frightened, and made my escape from the flies. *Harriet Miller, sworn*.—I was dressing in a room with twenty seven girls; while I was engaged in dressing, I heard some girls say there was fire in the other room. I thought she was joking, and did not pay attention to it. The next moment Miss Zela Gale rushed into the room with her dress all in a blaze. As she came in she set fire to the dresses of a number of the young ladies. She called to me to put out the fire, and I seized a thick skirt which lay at my feet and threw it around her, putting out the fire. She kissed me, and said, "You've saved me; for God's sake save my sister." My own dress was on fire at this time, and I rolled on the floor and put it out. My skirt was all burned. There was not any carpet on the floor, and nothing in the dressing-room but shelves and mirrors. The only side lights in the room are those on the sides of the mirrors. If the door of our dressing-room had been shut, none in it would have been burned; but as soon as the alarm of fire was given, the girls rushed to the door, and Miss Gale hurried in by them. Mr. Wheatley here stated that every precaution had been taken to guard against fire, and means were at hand to extinguish it in the event of it happening. He had caused to be placed at the back of the stage, a number of buckets filled with water, and some of them were used on the night of the unfortunate occurrence. The buckets had been placed in charge of stage-manager McKeon, because he was required to be constantly about the stage, and because of his known attention to his duties. Mr. McKeon was then examined and testified that buckets filled with water had been placed on the stage on the night of the opening, and had remained there; the fire originated in the dressing room while he was on the stage, and he was not apprised of it until the general alarm; the first thing he saw was one of the young ladies in flames, rushing on the stage; Mr. Wheatley especially desired him to see to the buckets of water upon the stage, which he did. Marcus Warren was now called by Mr. Wheatley, to explain the situation of the gas burners in the dressing-rooms. He testified that there are two lights in the ceiling, six feet six from the floor, and two in the wall on each side of the mirror, over a shelf; these were the only lights in the room; no camphene is used about the premises; the only furniture was the mirror and chairs; the ladies' dresses were upon shelves and hung on nails in the wall. The jury were now taken to view the dressing rooms; which are on the second floor, in the part of the building fronting on Sansom street. That occupied by the Misses Gale and three others, is about twelve by fifteen feet. Everything except the mirror had been removed from it. The carpet had been taken up, the jury was informed, at the request of one of the sisters Gale. The room into which Miss Zela Gale ran, is much larger than the others, and was used for the ballet girls. Neither of them was damaged to any extent by the fire. The window from which Hannah Gale and one of the others leaped, is about twenty feet from the ground. The wonder is that both were not killed by the fall. In passing from the dressing room to the front of the theatre, the jury were shown the mirror upon the stage, which was broken by one of the sufferers leaping upon it. Considerable of it was fractured. The following verdict was rendered by the jury:—"That the deaths of Phœbe Forden, Hannah Gale, Adeona Gale, Mary Herman, Anna Devlin, and Anna McBride, resulted from burns received from their clothing taking fire, accidentally, at the Continental Theatre, on the evening of the 14th inst.; and that Mr Wheatley, the proprietor, is exonerated from blame, he having taken all precautions to prevent accidents by fire." Anna McBride, it was ascertained, was 20 years old; Phœbe Forden, 20; Adeona Gale, 19; Anna Devlin, 17; Hannah Gale, 22; Mary Herman, 27. The funeral of the Misses Hannah and Adeona Gale, and Mrs Herman, took place on the afternoon of the 17th, from the residence of Mr. William Wheatley, No 319 North Ninth street, above Vine. Long before the hour announced for the meeting of those who were to participate in paying their last respects to the memory of the deceased, the sidewalks on each side of the street for a considerable distance, were thronged with people, the most of whom were females, anxious to obtain an entrance into the house, in order to view the corpses. A short time past two o'clock the house was thrown open to the public, and six persons at a time were admitted, who, after viewing the sad spectacle before them, passed through the rear entrance of the house and retired. In the parlor, the two Misses Gale lay side by side; Mrs. Herman a short distance beyond, and over them were strewn delicate flowers and evergreens. Miss Hannah Gale appeared as though she was in a tranquil sleep—there being no marks about her face. Some slight scars were perceptible about the chin of her sister, Adeona, which were the only outward signs of the ravages of the flames. Mrs. Herman, however, showed quite perceptibly, large scars extending across her face, which did not retain its natural hue, but had become very red from the injuries which it had received. The scene which presented itself in the parlor of Mr. Wheatley was a very affecting one. Mrs. Wheatley appeared to be deeply affected, as she sat at the head of the coffin containing the remains of Hannah Gale. Many ladies who viewed the bodies could not control their feelings, and gave vent to their emotions. The Rev. Howard Malcolm delivered an impressive sermon, which contained many words of sympathy. A short prayer of condolence was offered by Mr Malcolm, in which he implored the blessing of the Lord upon those who are still in pain and bereavement, and, with much supplication, he consigned the souls of the unfortunate women to "Him that doeth all things well." Messrs. Thomas Black, Joseph Walker, Wm. Wisdom, Angelo Wiser, Jno. E. McDonough, Frank Brower, R Randell, Edw. Adams, J Barrett, F. Vincent, M. Manning, and Thomas McKeon, acted as the pall-bearers. The hearses were drawn up before the door, three abreast, and the coffins were placed in them. A long train of carriages, containing many of the theatrical profession, together with the numerous friends of the deceased, moved off slowly down Ninth street to Arch, and out thence across the Market street bridge to Mount Moriah Cemetery, where all that remained mortal was consigned to the care of the cold and silent grave. The procession made a solemn, yet an imposing display, as it slowly wended its way to the Cemetery through the streets, which were literally lined with people. An incident occurred at the house of Mr. Wheatley a short time before the starting of the funeral, which cast a still deeper gloom over those who were already deeply afflicted by the scene which they were witnessing. Word arrived that Miss Ruth Gale was expected momentarily to expire, and that her mother's presence was desired at the Hospital. The heart-broken lady no sooner received the tidings than she immediately swooned. She was brought to in a short time, and proceeded to visit her suffering child. The funeral of Miss McBride, another of the victims, took place the same afternoon from her late residence in Rose street. There was a large attendance of the friends of the deceased. She was buried in the Cathedral Cemetery. The Actor's Order of Friendship held a meeting at their room in Philadelphia, on the 16th, when resolutions of sympathy for the families were passed, as well as one to attend the funeral in a body. The funeral of Miss Hannah M. Devlin took place on the 18th. The funeral of Miss Phœbe Forden took place the same day; as also the funeral of Miss McBride. Miss Ruth Gale, who died on the 17th, was buried on the 20th, from the residence of Mr. Wheatley. Miss Zellia Gale, and Miss Abbie Carr, it is thought, will recover. The following sums were realized by the benefits given in Philadelphia:—Wheatley's Continental, $421; Walnut, $266 87; Mr. Drew's Arch street, $375; subscriptions received by Mr. McKeon, $160.

Mr. J. W Turner, pianist—and composer of the National song entitled "Day Star of Freedom"—in connection with W. H Russell, tenor, and M Ainsley Scott, basso, late of the New Orleans Opera Troupe, gave parlor concerts in East Boston on the 10th and 11th inst., and also appeared at the Boston Music Hall on the 14th, for P. S Gilmore's promenade concert. We understand that it is their intention to leave for California in the course of a few weeks.

It is understood that English opera will be the staple attraction at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, for the ensuing season.

The Garrick Theatre, London, was opened on the 31st ult., by Mrs. Charles Poole, a veteran actress of the English and Australian stages, and sister to Mrs. Cramer, late of Wallack's and Niblo's.

L B Lent's Circus exhibited at Lebanon, New Hampshire, on the 18th. Our correspondent there says that the riding was good, but the tumbling very poor, owing, perhaps, to the fact that Tom King and Wm. Smith did not perform much. Mr. Smith met with an accident on the 16th which came near being fatal to him. He was performing "L'Echelle Perilleuse," at Lacomia, N H., and had got through the usual routine of business on the iron frame; but in making the leap to catch the rope, he missed it, and fell heavily to the ground in the arena, a distance of 45 feet from the frame above. He struck on his head and hand, putting a wrist out of joint, blacking an eye, and giving him an awful jar.

The production of the "Colleen Bawn" at the Queen's Theatre, Hull, Eng., turned out a complete failure.

Wambold and Co.'s Circus and Caravan opened at Bangor, Me., on the 13th inst. The proprietors, availing themselves of the occasion, have published a card in the local journals, for the purpose, as they say, of explaining how the accusation of entertaining secession proclivities was brought against them. They say, that while travelling in the English provinces, it was their custom to raise the American and English flags together, the same as they had more recently done in Bangor; but that Lent and Co.'s Circus, having no English flag, raised the American alone, and were requested, if they could not use both, to take down the American. This of course was on ground under British jurisdiction. Finally, Messrs. Wambold and Co. state positively that they have always raised the American flag, and performed under it wherever they have been—that they never raised a secession flag, nor had any secession sympathies.

The company performing at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, is composed of the following:—C B Bishop, first comedy; John Ellsler, character business; S. K Chester, leading heavies; T Knight, juvenile and light comedy; J. Gallagher, walking gent; O S Fawcett, second low comedy; T Hall, first old man; Daly, Williams, Doud, and Burton, utility. Ladies—Mrs I. B Phillips, leading lady; Miss H Osborne, juvenile; Mrs Mann, first old woman; Miss Lizzie Gale, walking lady; Miss Josephene Parker, first chambermaid; Mrs. Parker, second old woman; Misses Johnson, Burns and Julia Parker, utility. Scenic artiste, Mr. Jas. Parker; leader of orchestra, Louis Winter; property man, S. Linton; stage manager, I. B. Phillips; treasurer John Wells.

The Milner & Cooper Opera Troupe commence business in England, on the 14th of October. The following are the ladies and gentlemen who comprise the organization:—Miss Annie Milner, Miss H. Payne, Miss Bronti, Miss Fanny Reeves, Mr. Elliott Gaylor, Mr. Henry Weston, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. John Manley, Mr. Henry Wharton, Mr. Oliver Summers, Mr. Raimond, Mr. George Stanley; Mr. H. C. Cooper, conductor and manager.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers' performance of the character of Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," at Sadler's Wells Theatre, is eulogised very highly in some of the London papers.

The opera of "La Sonnambula" was recently performed at the Birmingham, Eng., theatre, with Adelina Patti in the principal character—the house being crowded on the occasion, and hundreds of persons being sent away. This is rather a novelty in theatrical affairs in England.

Blondin walked the cable, at Dundee, in Scotland, on the 4th inst., greatly to the delight of the people there, who are not accustomed to such exhibitions.

Signor Blitz commenced at the Rotunda, Dublin, on the 21 inst.

Madame Celeste was "starring" at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

The "Colleen Bawn" has been produced at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, with all the London effects. Report says that it met with a hearty reception.

Julia Daly (Mrs. Wayne Olwyne), prior to her return home, published a card in the London papers, expressive of her high sense of the treatment she had received at the hands of the English public, press, and theatrical profession generally. The lady concludes with a hint that she may repeat her visit to John Bull.

The Christy Minstrels were performing in the suburbs of London, previous to the commencement of their metropolitan season in February.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway were announced to appear at the Theatres Royal, Bath and Bristol, from the 16th to the 20th inst.; at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, from the 6th to the 20th of October; and at the Theatre Royal, Sunderland, from the 28th of October to the 9th of November.

On the 29th ult., the gentlemen belonging to the Haymarket Theatre, London, dined together in the neighborhood of that metropolis, the occasion being the presentation of a silver cup to Mr. Chippendale, stage manager. Mr Buckstone, lessee, was in the chair, and Mr. C in the vice chair. Mr. Chippendale is an old and well-known actor on both sides of the water, and on professional grounds is quite worthy of the honor recently shown him by his associates.

The Peak Family concluded an engagement of four weeks at the Melodeon, Boston on the 21st inst. On the 23d (to-day) they commence in Medford, on the 24th at Charlestown, and on the 26th at Salem, whence they proceed to the Pine Tree State and the British Provinces, returning to Boston about the time of Thanksgiving.

The appearance of Mr. Procter in his native city, Boston, has, it seems, been gratifying alike to him and his friends. The success of this gentleman while in Europe is well known, and considered to be only his due. There he was a great favorite, more especially with regard to his impersonation of Roman characters. At the same time, his Shakespearean assumptions were very excellent.

Madigan's Great Show pitch tent and drive stakes in Vermont as follows, for the present week:—Sept. 23, Springfield; 24, Proctorsville; 25, Saxton's River; 26, Townsend; 27, Brattleboro'; 28, Wilmington. This will finish the State of Vermont. The company then take Massachusetts, playing on the 30th at North Adams. The company will reach New York about the 20th of October, when we shall have an opportunity of witnessing one of the best equestrian and gymnastic shows. The four performing elephants, under the very able tuition of Col. George Washington Hall, are the main features of the exhibition, their performances being truly astonishing, and alone worth the price of admission.

Miss Addie Proctor and S. W. Glenn opened in Chicago, last week. On their opening night it rained most fearfully, which proved no detriment, however, as the house was filled.

Wyzeman Marshall closed his engagement at the Portland Theatre last week. Business is said to have been quite encouraging, and the managers, Messrs. Andross and F. L. Kent, are striving to keep up the interest by engaging stars of merit. Mrs. Farren succeeds Mr. Marshall, and gives her opening performance this evening, Sept. 23d. She will be followed by Mr. Procter.

Gaylord & Dupont's Campbell minstrels are still in Washington, D. C., doing well.

The Pine Street Theatre, Providence, R. I., will be opened by Mr. J. C Myers, for the fall and winter season, on Monday, October 7th. C. J. Boniface will be the leading man.

J. H Madigan's show was at Woodstock, Vt., on the 20th; Windsor, 21st; and Springfield, 22nd.

Prof. Anderson, the man who uses such words as ambidextrous Prestigiator, &c., is holding forth at the Tremont Temple, Boston.

A benefit for the families of the Woonsocket, R. I., volunteers, was given at that place on the 19th inst., by the Julian Burlesque Opera Troupe. The attendance was good, the receipts footing up $300.

Geo T. Sheldon's benefit took place at the Continental Opera House, Baltimore, on the 19th.

The Bohemian glass people continue to "blow" at Allston Hall, Boston, and will do so for a week to come, to the expansion of their coffers, it is to be hoped.

A new drama called "The Sunny South," was announced for speedy production at one of the theatrical saloons in London. We do not see the name of Jeff Davis in the cast, or a word about secession in the programme of scenery and events.

Mr. H Watkins and Miss Rosa Howard (Mrs. C Howard) were announced as "stars," at the Penrith (Eng.) Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were performing at the Theatre Royal, Southampton.

Miss Leida White, the jig *danseuse* is at the Continental Opera House, Baltimore.

Miss Helen Western is now in her sixth week at the Holliday, Baltimore. The most flattering success has attended her engagement.

Mrs. I. B. Phillips, "Baltimore's Pet," will shortly appear at the Holliday. Mrs. P. has not appeared in Baltimore for many years, and her re-appearance will be hailed with delight.

The different members attached to the Holliday, Baltimore, contributed $50 in aid of the unfortunates at the terrible calamity at Wheatley's Theatre, Philadelphia. The Continental Opera House, Baltimore, on Saturday night gave the gross receipts to the same cause.

We are glad to learn that Kunkel's Minstrels, at the Museum, Baltimore, have achieved a brilliant success. Each night they have appeared, the house has been crowded in every portion. Their entertainments are spoken of as being chaste, and full of fun and drollery. Harry Lehr is pronounced by the Baltimoreans the finest nigger in the "biz." Mr. Kunkel deserves success.

Bishop, at the Holliday, Baltimore, a few evenings since, had a benefit, on which occasion he promised a rare gift to the person who would furnish the worst conundrum. The conundrum handed in as the worst was, "Why is night like night?" "Because it is night." To this production was awarded the prize, viz, a long clay pipe. The recipient was Sam Linton, the property man.

"The Angel of Midnight," the new sensational piece, produced last week at the Boston Museum, seems to have hit the fancy of the play goers there. The angelic character of the drama, as represented by Miss Reignolds, is spoken of in the highest terms.

THE GALE SISTERS.—The reports of the dreadful accident that occurred at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, were spread far and wide, and excited universal sympathy and sorrow. The class to which the deceased ladies belonged, is one that receives far less credit than it deserves. Many estimable and deserving women are trained for the ballet, and some of them receive large salaries. With many temptations surrounding them, many ballet girls have preserved excellent reputations, and their domestic lives are warrants that no profession is without its bright exemplers. The beautiful Gale girls were known throughout the land, and the tidings of their death will cause a thrill in all the principle cities, both North and South. They seem to have carried into their profession a reputation that remained unspotted to the last. Hannah, the eldest, was born in Ireland on the 10th of Sept., 1839. At an early age she practiced dancing with Madame Louise at Drury Lane Theatre. When she was only eight years old, her father Lieut. George Gale, R. N. (the original Mazeppa in this country) accidentally lost his life during a balloon ascension, and the main support of the family now devolved upon her. She taught her sister Adeona, the art of dancing, and travelled with her through England, Ireland and Scotland, performing in all the large cities. In the summer of 1857, they were engaged as *coryphees* at the Cremorne Gardens, London, where their graces and personal attractions brought them to the notice of Signor Rorzani, who attached them to his company and brought them to America, the latter part of August of the same year. They made their first appearance in September, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, and appeared in succession in New York, Boston, Providence, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and New Orleans, where the troupe broke up. They returned to New York in company with Miss Minnie Jackson (also of the Rorzani Troupe) and accepted an engagement at Wallack's Theatre. The three also danced together at the Walnut Street Theatre, under Mrs. Bowers' management; at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, under T Placide and John Owen's management. During the last year Hannah and Adeona were at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati and McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, and only returned to Philadelphia on the 7th of the present month. In May last, Mrs Gale returned to London for her two youngest daughters, Ruth and Zella, with whom she only arrived last month, with bright prospects for the future. Adeona was born in Ireland, on the 5th of May, 1842. Ruth was born in England, on the 23d of February, 1846. She was just from school at her first appearance on the stage. Zella (the sister that is living, and who probably will recover) was born in England, on the 10th of March, 1844. She is an equestrienne and tight rope performer by profession, and was for several years connected with Mr. Moffat's Circus in London. They exhibited a strong affection one for another, and supported their kind mother, who travelled with them from city to city. A. C.

Performances continue to be given at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill. Generally speaking, they are of the melo dramatic stripe.

The present is the last week of Adah Isaacs Menken at Pittsburgh. We hear that the "Patriot's Dream," in which she takes the principal part, has gone off well, and will be followed by "The Angel of Midnight."

Mrs Julia Deane Hayne took a benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., on the 28th ult. On the following evening, at the same house, Miss Virginia Buchanan made an appeal to her friends for the first time in those diggings. The young lady is spoken of as a charming and promising actress.

Cordelia Howard, accompanied by her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard, Mr. W W Pratt, Mr. S W. Pike, and Mrs. E Fox, are giving parlor entertainments with success in Massachusetts. "Uncle Tom," with Cordelia as Eva, and Pratt as Uncle Tom, still proves a sure card. They performed in Lyceum Hall, Cambridge, on the 23d ult.

Billy O'Neil made his first appearance at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., on the 26th ult., in "Barney the Baron" and "Brian O'Lynn." It seems that the comedian entered the city quite unheralded, and that the impression he has made upon the playgoers there was exceedingly favorable. He had also enacted the part of Myles-na Coppaleen, in the play of "Colleen Bawn," and achieved an additional success.

The following items are from our usual correspondent in Cincinnati:—"Since I last wrote, nothing has transpired worthy of note, except that the Palace Garden has lost several of its prominent *attaches*, to wit: J. B. Murphy, stage manager; N. G Foster, bones (who go to St. Louis); Dan Shelby, tambourine; Johnny Thompson, jig and wench dancer (bound for the Athenæum, Pittsburgh); and Hal Robinson, who will probably go to Detroit or Toledo.....La Belle Louise, of the Columbus theatre, has accepted an engagement at the Melodeon, St. Louis. Joe Mairs, of the same place, also joins the Melodeon.....Business is gradually on the mend, and promises fair for the fall and winter.....This week, a good complimentary benefit was given to Mr. J F. Sutton, stage director at Pike's Opera House, by his many friends. Several well-known amateurs, and nearly all the professionals in the city volunteered.

VERITAS."

A benefit was given at the Continental Opera House, Baltimore, in aid of the sufferers by the late calamity in Philadelphia, through which two of the Gale Sisters and others lost their lives. We annex the list of the performers who gave their services gratuitously on the occasion:—Miss Julia Backus, Miss Lola Backus, Mdlle. Helena, Miss Leida White, Miss Susie Parker, Mr. Samuel Parker, Mons. De Laitu, Mr. T. Frazier. A purse of $50 was realized, and no doubt much more would have been, had the Continental been larger.

From Philadelphia, "Shaker," under date of the 20th inst., transmits the following:—"Theatricals are decidedly on the increase. The houses at the Arch have been good the entire week. The house was comfortably filled on Saturday evening, notwithstanding indications of rain. The performance was "Camille." The impersonation of the unfortunate *lorette* by Miss Charlotte Thompson, was an artistic effort. The minor characters were correct, as was also the Armand Duval of Mr. Shewell.....Since my last, the business at the Walnut has materially increased. "Great Expectations" was produced on Monday, and has been acted every successive evening this week. The favorite actor of this establishment, Mr. Edwin Adams, played his part in his usual good style.....At the Continental, the "Tempest" has been given every evening. Mr. Wheatley has behaved generously in connexion with the recent calamity. The houses have been crowded all the week.....The Olympic opens on the 22d, it is said, under "brilliant auspices."..... The Academy of Music opens on Monday, 23d inst., with a sacred concert; a variety of talent will assist. The Zouaves d'Afrique take possession of this establishment on the 26th.....One of the most select entertainments we have had in this city (the Russian war diroamic panorama, and stereopticon pictures of the Southern rebellion) will be again with us on Monday evening, at the Assembly rooms, Tenth and Chestnut.....A grand musical festival will be held on Monday evening, at the German Hospital, for a charitable object.....I met Mr. Rivers on Wednesday last. He informs me of his intention of opening his bijou establishment on Thursday week. He has been on this way to make topographical observations..... Fanny Forrest was the recipient of a flattering benefit on Tuesday evening last, at the New Grotto. Miss Ada Tesman has been on the bills all the week, but has not been on the boards. A new dance by Fulton Myers pleased me very much. A "rattling" Cape Hatteras song, by Mr. Leavitt, is very funny, and is vociferously applauded every night. The Ethiopian performances at this house are quite good, the funny acts by Leavitt and Gallagher exceedingly so. The singing of Mr. Paine is good, although it is a hard hole to sing in.....The business at Long's has been picking up, owing in a measure, to the valuable acquisition in the person of Hugh Morton, a first class general concert performer, who has just terminated a four months' engagement at Military Hall.....A new concert saloon was opened on Thursday evening, at second and Walnut streets. Good houses have been the return ever since. Quite an expensive and large company has been secured by the proprietor, Mr. Klein, among whom are Matt Gebler, comic singer; Joseph Keene, utility man in the Ethiopian business; Miss Rosa Vollardt, a pleasing singer; Miss Lagrange, dancer; Dick Myers, violinist and general performer; and Billy Chambers, general delineator of the "black business".....Vala's Metropolitan is doing a fine business. He has a large company, and the admittance is free. Arthur Hughes, a negro performer at this place, is a very good actor. A young lady, who I believe is Miss Viola, sings here, and has an excellent voice, although uncultivated. The dancing of Miss Nagle is very good. She has the making of an excellent danseuse. Her style is pretty and unostentatious.

AMATEURS IN BALTIMORE.—The "Sudley Dramatic Association," of the Monumental city, since its performance in April last, has been in "silent operation," the members having fitted up, in addition to their very neat exhibition room at Westin Hall, a meeting room on Lexington street, for the reception of their friends, and to conduct the general business of the society. The following named gentlemen were, at a recent election, chosen as officers: W. H. Crawley, President; Mr. Skerritt, Stage Manager; Mr. Shears, Prompter; T. Robinson, Secretary; Mr. Gilbert, Financial Secretary.

THE J. R. SCOTT DRAMATIC CLUB.—This Dramatic organization is in the field again, and announces a performance to take place at Dramatic Hall, Nos. 525 and 527 Houston street, on the evening of October the 1st. The performance will be for the benefit of Miss Josey St. Clair, a lady who, in former days, contributed much to the amateur stage of this city.

ABOUT THE BIG BILLIARD.—It appears that the billiard players of California have "great expectations" of seeing the French billiard, Berger, this month. They are doomed to disappointment, as he has taken his flight for France. It is said, he was to have been paid by a prominent billiard player of San Francisco $9000 for a three months' engagement. We congratulate that individual on his narrow escape from going into the pocket, for, although Berger is without doubt a good *masse* player, he is a "dead beat" in other respects. His greatest forte lies in (a) *massing* the dollars, and pocketing them so effectually, that but few of them will ever again see the light here. He is a fat, jolly, gentlemanly, mean man. His billiards proved to be hard bills to some persons we know of. Nuf ced.

R. TEN BROECK'S MOVEMENTS ON THE BRITISH TURF are somewhat eccentric, and indicate quite a degree of shrewdness, for in whatever races his horses appear, they usually take a prominent position either in the betting or in the actual running. He rarely takes part in the many provincial or second class meetings in England; at least, his horses are not often entered, although he may be, and often is, engaged in the pecuniary part of the proceedings. The Devon and Exeter races, which commenced on September 3, appear, however, to be an exception, and we find that honorable mention is made of his ch c Optimist, and b f Annette, in the races for the "County Cup" and "Nursery Plate" races, in which they respect

A CROSS STICK.

The following lines, though referring directly to one of the blackest traitors that ever disgraced the civilized world, may not be inapplicable to some of the men now engaged in open rebellion and treason against the United States government.

Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,
Earth's broadest realm ne'er knew so black a mind,
Night's sable veil your crime can never hide,
Each one so great 'twould glut historic tide;
Defunct your cursed memory will live,
In all the glare that infamy can give,
Curses of all ages will attend your name,
Traitors alone will glory in your shame.

Almighty vengeance sternly waits to roll,
Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul,
Nature looks shuddering back with conscious dread,
On such a tarnished blot as she has made,
Let hell receive you, rivetted in chains,
Doomed to the hottest focus of its flames.

THE SHOWMAN.

ARTEMUS WARD SEES THE PRINCE.

Our respected friend and co-laborer in the cause of "wax figgers" and shows generally, has turned up again, after a visit to a live Prince. He maketh himself heard through the medium of *Vanity Fair*. Hear him talk:

Notwithstandin I haint writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter theirselves that the undersined is ded. On the contry, "I still live," which words was spoken by Danyil Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit *that*. Webster is ded now, howsever, and his mantle has probly fallen into the hands of some dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be goin round wearin it to any particler extent, now days. The rigiment of whom I was kurnel finerly conclooded they was better adapted as Home Gards, which accounts for your not hearin of me ear this, where the bawls is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But, as an American citizen, I shall never cease to admire the masterly advance our troops made on Washington from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well dun. I spoke to my wife bout it at the time. My wife sed it was well dun.

It having there4 bin detarmined to pertect Baldinsville at all hazzuds, and as there was no apprehensions of any immejit danger, I thought I would go orf onto a pleasure tower. Accordinly I put on a clean Biled Shirt, and started for Washinton. I went there to see the Prints Napoleon, and not to see the place, which I will here take occasion to observe is about as uninterestin a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's futur home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make it so warm for him that he will si for his summer close. It is easy enuff to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penetentiary. It's becaws he can't help it. But why he should woluntarily go and live in Washinton, is entirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer nor that.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlord, and sed, "How d'ye do, Square?"

"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

"Half-a-dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for *lookin* at the landlord, and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you to the dinin room for twenty five cents. Your room bein in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do you ax a man for breathin in this equinomikal tavun?" sed I.

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

Washinton hotels is very reasonable in their charges. [N. B.—This is Sarkassum.]

I sent up my keerd to the Prints, and was immejitly ushered before him. He received me kindly, and axed me to sit down.

"I hav cum to pay my respecks to you, Mister Napoleon, hopin I see you hale and harty."

"I am quite well," he sed. "Air you well, sir?"

"Sound as a cuss!" I ansered.

He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered into conversation to onct.

"How's Lewis?" I axed, and he sed the Emperor was well. Eugeny was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? Did he cum home arly nites? Did he perfoom her bed room at a onseasonable hour with gin and tansy? Did he go to the "Lodge" on nites when there wasn't any Lodge? Did he often hav to go down town to meet a frend? Did he hav an extensiv acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbans was in Californy? to all of which questions the Prints perlitely replide, givin me to understan that the Emperor was behavin well.

"I ax these questions, my royal duke and most noble highness and imperials, becaws I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. He is cunnin, he is long-heded, he is deep—he is grate. But onless he's *good* he'll come down with a crash one of these days and the Bonyparts will be Bustid up agin. Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired, slightly sarkastikul.

"No, sir. But I bleeve in morality. I likewise bleeve in Meetin Houses. Show me a place where there isn't any Meetin Houses and where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where gates have no hinges, where the wimin air slipshod, and where maps of the devil's 'wild land' air painted upon men's shirt-bosums with tobacco jooce! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose 'em."

He sed he didn't mean to aboose the clergy. Not at all, and he was happy to see that I was interested in the Bonypart family.

"It's a grate family," sed I. "But they scooped the old man in."

"How, sir?"

"Napoleon the Grand. The Britishers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much, and he did it. They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subsequently died at St. Heleny! There's where the greatest military man this world ever produced pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak, drawn titely round him, (see picter-books,) but so it was. 'Red of the Army!' Them was his larst words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our brigades!"

This pleased Jerome and he took me warmly by the hand.

"Alixander the Grate was punkins," I continnered, "but Napoleon was punkinser! Alic wept becaws there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drowndid his sorrers in the flowin bole, and the flowin bole was too much for him. It ginrally is. He undertook to giv a snake exhibition in his boots, but it killed him. That was a bad joke for Alic!"

"Since you air so solicitous about France, and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is getting along?" said Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we shall cum out all right."

"Columbus, when he diskivered this magnificent continent, could have had no idee of the grandeur it would one day assoom," sed the Prints.

"It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man he'd hav' put the money in a hoss railroad or gas company, and left this magnificent continent to the intelligent savages, who when they got hold of a good thing knew enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't have seceded, nor rebelled nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slung shot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid at home Chris. ment well, but he put his foot in it when he sailed for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at last I riz to go. "I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to Clotildy. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your soot. If the Emperor's boy don't like livin at the Tooleries, when he gets older, and would like to imbark in the show bizniss, let him come with me and I'll make a man of him. You find us sumwhat mixed, as I before observed, but come agin next year and you'll find us clearner nor ever. The American Eagle has livd too sumptuously of late—stummic becum foul, and he's now takin a slite emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strike a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly, and secession will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothin short of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk auctions of the East, and the proprietors of corner lots in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

There was a levee at Senator What's-his-name's, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congresser, trippin in the dance, dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's father used to keep a little grosery store in our town, and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her head in a contemptuious manner, walked away from me very rapid. "Hallo, Sal," I hollered, 'can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses? I may want a cod fish, also!" I guess this reminded her of the little red store, and the "days of her happy childhood."

But I fell in with a nice little gal after that, who was much sweeter than Sally's father's melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the messy dance. She sed we should, and we glode.

I intended to make this letter very seris, but a few goaks may have crept in. Never mind. Besides, I think it improves a komick paper to publish a goak once in a while. Yours Muchly. WARD, (ARTEMUS.)

VALUABLE HINTS ON HORSEBACK RIDING.

A person on horseback is either a most graceful or a most awkward object. A man may walk without much elegance, and still attract no particular attention; but a bungling performance on horseback makes the unhappy sufferer the butt for every beholder. One great secret in correct riding is to make the seat the centre of motion. The tyro shortens up the stirrup straps, that he may support his weight upon them; he then throws the body forward, and each spring of the horse raises him clear from the saddle, propelling him forward by a not very gentle application of horse power in the rear. His feet are the centre of motion, and he oscillates forward and backward like the piston rod of a steam engine; and the reaction upon the horse adds greatly to his fatigue. While in this position, should the horse stop suddenly, or stumble badly, the rider goes on independently, and finds himself on the horse's withers, neck, or over his head, as the case may be. From the first, the rider should learn to hold himself firm in the seat, by grasping the side of the horse with the thighs. Let them be a vice, from which no plunge of the horse forward, upward, or sideway, can extricate him. Keep the body erect, or slightly inclining backward, the feet feeling the stirrup beneath, but not resting there to support the body. Let the toes be nearly parallel with the sides of the horse, or but slightly inclined outward. The muscles of the body above the hips may be relaxed, to yield to the motion imparted by the animal. Keep the elbows by the sides, not constrained, but resting there naturally and easily. Never depend on the bridle to keep in place upon the saddle; let that be done with the muscles of the thighs. This position will be tiresome at first, and the beginner should ride but a short distance at a time, until the muscles are accustomed to the use required of them. Horsemen differ as to the propriety of using one or both hands for the bridle. A horse properly trained can be easily guided with one hand. For this purpose, the reins should be drawn tight enough to feel the horse's mouth, then a slight turn of the hand to the right or left will be sufficient. An animal soon becomes acquainted with the peculiar manner of one who uses him frequently, and may be taught in a short time to turn at the increased pressure of the leg upon either side, and take a different gait at the mere touch of the bridle. When there is danger from stumbling, it is safer to ride with a loose rein; the horse can recover himself much more readily if he may have command of the muscles of his head and neck. He will also more easily discern and avoid obstructions, if his head be left in its natural position. To bring a horse's head and neck into a painful position by a standing martingale, is both cruel and dangerous; he will fall upon a slight stumble.

TEMPERATURE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.—The increase to Temperature observed, is about one degree Fahrenheit for every fifteen yards descent. In all probability, however, the increase will be found to be in a geometrical progression as investigation is extended; in which case the present crust will be found to be much thinner than we have calculated it to be. And should this be correct, the igneous theory will become a subject of much more importance, in a geological point of view, than we are at present disposed to consider it. Taking, then, as correct, the present observed rate of increase, the temperature would be as follows:—Water will boil at the depth of 2,430 yards. Lead melts at the depth of 8 400 yards. There is red heat at the depth of 7 miles. Gold melts at 71 miles. Cast iron at 74 miles. Soft iron at 94 miles. And at the depth of 100 miles there is a temperature equal to the greatest artificial heat yet observed; a temperature capable of fusing platina, porcelain, and indeed every refractory substance we are acquainted with. Those temperatures are calculated from Guyton Morveau's corrected scales of Wedgwood's pyrometer; and if we adopt them, we find that the earth is fluid at the depth of one hundred miles from the surface; and that even in its present state very little more than the soil on which we tread is fit for the habitation of organized beings.

MOZART AND THE ORCHESTRA.—Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went to the opera *incognito*, to hear the performance of his "Villanella Rapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied, till, in the midst of the principal aria, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written a D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase, and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it, than he started up vehemently, and from the middle of the pit, cried out in a voice of thunder, 'Will you play D sharp, you wretches?" The sensation produced in the theatre may be imagined. The actors were astounded; the lady who was singing, stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized, and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor subsided into a silence of respectful awe, which was soon succeeded by reiterated shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra, and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the effect produced. After the opera, Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

SNAKES.—Two men named Peter Quick and Isaac Jennings, recently, near Barryville, N. Y., killed 39 rattle snakes, 141 inches in length, with one rattle each, and five varying in length from 2½ to 3½ feet, making 44 in all.

WORLD'S EXHIBITION OF 1862.

A most interesting series of calculations have been made respecting the building in which the next "World's Fair" is to be holden; and these have also been carefully compared, in all the general items, with the dimensions, capacity, and appearance of the great "Crystal Palace" of 1851. To all who beheld that wonder of art devoted to international rivalry for excellence in all that pertained to the progress of art and science; of mechanics, commerce, and agriculture—in short, to all that pertained to human advancement in civilization and social happiness—and pronounced that the most wonderful exhibition that ever *could* be seen "in our days," the following statistics will bring renewed interests, and awaken many pleasing reminiscences and reflections: The exhibition building of 1851 occupied in all, nearly 23 acres, that about to be erected will cover a little over 26. The flooring space in 1851 was just short of a million feet. In the proposed building there will be 1,140,000, but, as it is proposed to exhibit machinery and agricultural implements in a wing especially built for the purpose, the space occupied in 1851 by these classes will be at the disposal of the commissioners for other works, so that practically there will be some 500,000 feet of flooring more in 1862 than in 1851. The greatest height in 1851 was 160 feet, and the main nave running from end to end was 60 feet high by 72 wide. The greatest height of the proposed building will be 260 feet, and the nave will be 1,200 feet long, by 85 wide, and 100 feet high. The total length of the first exhibition building was 1,800 feet by 400 wide. The dimensions of the present are to be 1,200 long by 700 broad, exclusive of the space set aside for the display of agricultural implements, which is in rough numbers 1,000 feet long by 220 broad. The contractor's price in 1851 was £80,000. Messrs. Kelk and Lucas contract to furnish the edifice in this instance for £200,000, though in reality it will cost £300 000, but the payment of the extra £100 000 is conditional on the gross profits exceeding £500,000, as they did in '51. Messrs. Kelk and Lucas therefore in fact guarantee the success of the great display to the extent of £100,000, and though, according to all human probability, they do not risk a shilling of this large sum, it is, nevertheless, a most liberal stake on the success of the enterprise.

The buildings will be erected at Kensington, in front of the new grounds of the Horticultural Society, which they will enclose. One side of the edifice abuts upon the Cromwell road, the main entrance on the Exhibition road, and the third side on Prince Albert road; the fourth or rear side faces immediately upon the grounds of the Horticultural Society. Externally the building will be, as we have said, 1,200 feet by 700, though the ground plan shows that in some parts the width is diminished to 500 feet. The average height will be 100 feet, nearly 60 of which will be solid brickwork. Taking one of the main sides of the building on the exhibition road, as an example, will present a lofty recessed facade, from the centre of which will rise a superb dome of glass and iron to the immense height of 250 feet, with the base of the dome of no less than 160 feet diameter. These, for there are to be two, one at each end of the building, will be the largest domes ever built. That of St. Paul's is only 108 in diameter at the base, and even St. Peter's is only 139. These domes are to be reared over the intersection of the nave and transepts at right angles, and, as the floors beneath both will be elevated above the level of the floors of the rest of the building, an unequalled view will be got from here through almost every part of the vast interior. One magnificent nave will be contianed from this entrance in the Exhibition road to the extreme end of the building in the grounds of the Horticultural Society, and at the termination of this the second dome will rise. The nave is, therefore, to be 1,200 feet long by 85 wide and 100 high. The transepts, in which it terminates at either end, will be each 700 feet long by 85 broad and 100 high. All the roofs will be of wood coated with felt, and meeting in the centre at an angle, like the roof of Westminster Hall, and most of our old cathedrals. The effect, however, from the interior, will not be that of an angular roof, as the girders will be arched and colored, and on these the eye will naturally rest.

The method of lighting the interior is one of the best that could be devised. In the building of 1851 all the screens that could be made were insumcient to keep down the glare of the sun, while on wet days all the care of the plumbers could not prevent the rain from dripping in. The wooden painted roof does away at once with the chances of rain in the proposed edifice, and the new method of lighting will have equal advantages. On the side walls, beneath the roof of all the naves and transepts, will be a clerestory 25 feet high, of glass and iron, which, with the light from the domes, the glass and iron entrances, and the windows in the walls, will make light as equal as it was throughout the building in 1851; while, from the fact of this one being erected due east and west, the glare of the sun is obviated. The galleries and interior columns of the structure are exceedingly beautiful in design, and so also is the design of the iron-work clerestory. The columns to carry the galleries are double; 22 feet apart, and 22 feet high. To these will be fastened the broad galleries which run all around the building, though the columns themselves will be continued up to the clerestory to where the springing of the roof commences. Each of the main entrances beneath the dome will be 60 feet high by 50 wide, with two smaller porches at either, 40 feet by 15 feet. In addition to these there will be three entrances on each side of the building, facing the Cromwell and Prince Albert roads, each of which will be 56 feet high by 22 feet wide. The picture gallery will run the whole length of the structure, and will be seated on the Cromwell road side. This will be built of brick, with a wall thickness of about two feet. The pictures will not be hung higher than 20 feet from the floor; therefore, only the upper portion of this immense wing, if it may be so termed, will be used as the gallary for modern art. The basement story will be set apart for the exhibition of carriages and road vehicles of all kinds.

IMPERIAL SPORTS.—The French court occasionally locates itself at Fontainbleau, and how, think you, it amuses itself? By catching frogs! Yes; the wall at the bottom of the park of Fontainbleau, close to the Seminaire of Avon, is the favorite haunt of the court at sundown. Here the ladies and gentlemen, lovers of the fun, will sit sometimes until nightfall, each armed with a long wand, at the end of which is attached a two-pronged fork. At each end of the *fosse* servants are stationed to beat the rushes, and force the frogs to pass backwards and forwards beneath the wall. It is during the passage they are caught between the prongs of the fork, and it requires no small dexterity. The emperor is said to be a consummate hand at this portion of the sport; and now and then, by dint of watching till Madame Walewski—the greatest of the lady frog-catchers at Fontainbleau—is off her guard, intent upon bagging a more than usually refractory frog, he will transfer the animal to his own prong, while the countess will resist the unfair play, and amid shouts of laughter, the whole company will pause to view the result. Large sums are lost and won by those who bet upon the first filled basket.

HOW THE LAD THAT WAS SMITTEN GOT THE MITTEN.—A young gentleman in Indiana, being both engaged to be married and enlisted in a rifle company, chose to forego the latter duty, which, coming to the ears of the expectant bride an hour before the time fixed for the wedding, provoked the following note:—"Sir—I am constrained to say that, while as a wife I should have mourned your absence on the battle field, I am no less pained at your want of manhood in backing out. I am apprehensive that after enlisting in *my* company you might serve me the same way. The bearer will deliver you your notes and sundry presents. For your kindness to me I am deeply grateful, and I trust you will always esteem me as your friend; I can be nothing more. J."

A GOOD CATCH.—Very extraordinary incidents have been told of shot having been caught in the mouths of soldiers in the war of 1812, and the Mexican war; but an incident perhaps more remarkable occurred in the battle of Fort Drane, fought in 1837. During the hottest of the battle, a soldier received a shot which broke through the outer part of his pants, and lodged in his right-hand pocket. Feeling the slight sting of the spent ball, he thrust his hand in his pocket, drew out the bullet, and dropped it into the barrel of his musket. Then, observing the very warrior who had shot at him, he leveled his gun and returned the ball with fatal effect.

WANTS TO SEE A FIGHT.—"Pappy, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the camomile fight the rhinosecow?" "Sartin, my son, but don't get your trowsers torn." "Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has for natural history, isn't it? No longer ago than yesterday, he had eight pair of Thomas cats hanging by their narratives from the clothes line."

LOOK OUT.—The editor of an exchange candidly advises all those who steal his wood not to pick out the sticks that are loaded with gun powder, as they may get their heads, pots, and kettles broke.

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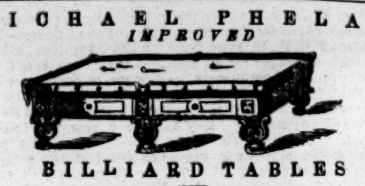

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